

THE CO-OPERATIVE THEATRE

Actors successfully organize as play producers on a sharing basis

By ROLLO PETERS

Director of the New York Theatre Guild



THIS is the age of co-operation.

In the great fields of industrial labor the man who makes shoes or tin boilers has come to the point where he realizes that it is no longer a matter of working so many hours a day-for so much money. Labor demands more the opportunity to have a voice in matters are taining to its welfare, and a just share—a

pertaining to its welfare, and a just share—a percentage—in the profits over and above the running expenses.

It is the old English Guild system coming into effect after years of disuse.

Why shouldn't the theatre take its place in this advancing policy of industry? Why shouldn't a co-operative relationship be established between those who produce, meaning in this sense, the actors, and those who are responsible from a managerial or capitalistic standpoint, for the production.

It was as if in answer to this thought that The Theatre Guild, a co-operative plan on the part of a group of people of the theatre, came into existence. It may have been largely luck—for it certainly was a great surprise but the success of the first season was remarkable—and finds "John Ferguson" one of the Guild's productions, playing at a time when managers and actors are at odds and the theatre world is at a standstill—theatres closed, rehearsals stopped—a dead-lock.

Certainly such conditions make it a time to discuss the worth of the co-operative theatre.

First, what is a co-operative theatre? Something that has particular timeliness—because of the general social unrest? Not at all. Its timeliness may be greater, but there was never a period when such a theatre may not have existed—and prospered.



T the outset, it must be plainly stated and understood that the Theatre Guild has no connection with the art theatre movements or semi-amateur "Little Theatres" which have sprung up-seldom with lasting success in all parts of the country. Nor is it exactly a new idea. As the New York Times says: "In the history of the drama of which the Equity actors are still a part, co-operative production has a high, if brief, tradition. In the days when actors were: 'vagabonds that carried erst their fardels on their backs,' the enterprise was of the joint stock order, receipts being divided among the company according to a fixed scale. Under Elizabeth, the theatres of the Bankside were co-operatively owned and managed. Shakespeare, who was actor, author, and capitalist in one, owned a tenth share in the Globe. Authors who were neither actors nor capitalists were sometimes shareholders. John Marston owned a share in the Blackfriars, and Michael Drayton a share in the Whitefriars. When Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, turned playwright he was so pleased with himself that he aspired to own 'a fellowship in a cry of players.' On the Continent similar conditions obtained. An early print shows Molière and his fellows dividing the receipts of a performance." A century and more ago, a group of American players conducted a co-operative theatre with some success. When William Dunlap failed as manager of the old Park Theatre in 1805, the actors of his company banded together and called themselves the Commonwealth players. They it was who first produced here Tobin's comedy "The Honeymoon," one of the most popular plays ever performed in America.

The experiment, however, did not last. Possibly because there was not the same interest in the theatre in those days as exists at present.



THIS is the age of co-operation. The germ is in the air and was, no doubt, responsible for the formation of the Theatre Guild. The work attached to this was not done in a few hours or weeks. When the players decided among themselves that they would create a guild in which they would have a voice in the selecting of plays, casts, scenery, etc., and share in any profits realized, they started a definite business-like organization. Through subscription by the players and the public, a financial standing was established, the Guild incorporated, and a theatre months' work, and then came the task of selecting a play, casting and rehearsing.

It sounds simple, but the very spirit of cooperation, of being fair to one's self and one's fellows, made it necessary for great time to be taken before every step forward. The whole movement was taken in the spirit of adventure -it was an organic theatrc, but it was not the spirit of wild adventure, nor was the new departure to be regarded by the public as the work of a group of players interested only in the socalled "artistic" dramas. The successful cooperative theatre must be commercial. There is no one connected in a leading part with the Guild who has not had great experience in the theatre. A portion of them had received much of their training in the very varied school offered by the Washington Square Players, while others came from the theatres of this country and England.



THE first action of the members of a co-operative theatre is to decide on a Board of Managers. Each member of this board should be capable of leading a department in the work of the Guild, scenic, play-reading, etc., and while all these departments have their place in the work, they must all be subservient to a director and a producer.

This may not seem co-operative, but remember that all co-operative movements must have a leadership. In the theatre this must necessarily be so. The "art" or little theatres have tried the experiment of players acting the part as they felt it should be done, and the result has been an artistic hodge-podge. As far as the direction of its plays are concerned, the co-operative thea-

tre needs as great care taken with this work as regular theatres. After all, the only real difference between the co-operative theatre Guild and the theatre as it generally exists, today, is that the Guild is trying to produce plays on a higher plane of theatrical artistry—that each player has his share of work—each one shares in the profits.

While the Board of Managers meet to select plays, the casting is done by the director and producer, two members of the Guild chosen by their associates to these posts. The committee have the right to withdraw these people if they see fit, and substitute others, but they have not the right to constantly bother them with trifling suggestions that are really whims. So, it is easily seen, that the aim of the co-operative theatre does not differ from any other theatrical production. It is only that there are several managers instead of one, and that these managers are trying to get away from the ordinary type of play with its so perfectly machine-made situation, scenery, acting, etc.

This is an important step forward. Only those who have worked for a theatrical manager, who have hired a high-salaried director to produce a play for a high-salaried star, can appreciate the freedom, the inspiration for creative work, when one is able to work without the hindrance of whims.

Not many seasons ago a play was produced on Broadway in which no less than four people connected with the production insisted on changes in the scenic equipment. These changes were made regardless of any argument of the scenic director, and the result was far from satisfying. Had one person of experience been allowed to carry out a set scheme of stage setting, the result would have been less inharmonious.

PLAYWRIGHTS, too, will be aided by the cooperative theatre which will give their plays written. When the Guild read "John Ferguson" for purposes of presentation, it was decided that it would not be necessary to eliminate any scenes. The dramatist wrote them all as part of his story, and they must remain This, of course, applies only to an author thoroughly expert in the technique of the drama, as Ervine emphatically is. One of America's most popular playwrights who learned this fact has made five different visits to "John Ferguson" to study it from a dramatist's standpoint. He is amazed at the possibility of writing a play and having it acted as written, and a careful study of most of the plays to reach our theatres, will show what results after patching by many pens.

Then another advantage of the co-operative theatre is the fact that each person playing their part realizes that on their individual efforts depends a portion of the success of the play and that the success of the play means money in their pockets, and the pockets of their fellow-craftsmen. The system of the Theatre Guild is to pay each actor a salary, which is included:



Guy Bates Post continues to score playing a dual rôle in "The Masquerader"



Gregory Kelly, of "Seventeen" fame, will be seen as Hashimura Togo, the Japanese schooolboy



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Clifton Webb has been delighting audiences
by his agility and grace in "Listen Lester"



Henry Hull, a youthful leading man appearing successfully in Rachel Crothers' comedy "39 East"

in the running expenses of the theatre, and the result has been a pose rather than a sincere then there is a percentage basis for the division effort. I have seen some of the results of the of profits. Co-operative theatres will probably find no petter plan.

So much for the history of the Theatre Guild, which has in its short life been able to offer two plays, one of them "John Ferguson" such a success that in spite of the fact that it was a tragedy, it survived the summer season, made money, and because of its co-operative presentation, gained the approval of the Actors' Equity Association, which has closed practically every theatre in New York City.

However, members of this co-operative organization do not believe that they have founded a theatrical Utopia. One of the reasons that people have been surprised at the success of the co-operative theatre is that in the past the little theatre-the few examples of co-operative theatres that have been in existence-have not been organized on any commercial basis. They have gone in for what they thought was art, and

so-called "art theatres" and they have been pitifully amateurish.

The co-operative theatre to succeed must not try to educate. The theatre is never a place for a preachment. It may show an audience a slice of life which is unusual, or unlike their own, but it is not a schoolhouse. That is what I object to in Shaw. There is a too frequent sermon to retard his action.

The mention of a playwright's name suggests an interesting situation that faces the cooperative theatre. To succeed, this theatre must have plays of extraordinary value. They cannot be the ordinary thing that is so well done by the ordinary theatre manager who hires a set of players and offers the public a new production. Yet, on the other hand, the cooperative theatre must not be confusedly placed as a snobbish literary clique, who believe that nothing good can come from the present writer

of modern English. The Theatre Guild is most anxious to offer American plays-American in theme and writing-comedies and farce, as well as the heavier dramas. So far, we have not been successful in finding plays. Most of the plays we have been offered have been lacking in the artistic sense that we have striven to find. Perhaps it will be necessary for a new school of playwrights to come into existence.

So much for the worth of the co-operative theatre. It has been done successfully, and the road ahead should not be as difficult as one might imagine. It is not a question of courage, for the opportunities for co-operation are too great. Better plays, with better productions, should result, and when all share in the work and profits, there should not be moments of dire dissatisfaction such as have existed in the theatre for the past few years, and reached a climax in the present strike.

Certainly, from every angle, there is much worth while in the co-operative theatre.

ARE ACTORS LABORERS?

Interesting question, raised by the Actors' strike and discussed by Sir Charles Wyndham's nephew

HIS question, which we now hear on all sides, and which could be obviously relegated to the mere definition of a word, would present an almost irresistible temptation to answer in a humorous vein were it not related to a condition in the business of the Theatre which recent events have shown to be lamentably denlorable.

Probably this question would never have been put had not American actors followed the example of their confrères in England, in France and in Australia and affiliated themselves with organized labor. It may be presumed, that in England where "Trades Union" is employed that the question is: "Are Actors Tradesmen?"

These affiliations, however, bear no relation to the actual work of the actor, or to his Art, or whatever he prefers to call his individual professional effort. He sheds these affiliations when he steps on the stage and only resumes them after he has come off and then-only in his purely business relations with his manager.

In the purely literal sense it is obvious that the actor cannot well be classified in accordance with Webster's definition of a "laborer" as "One who performs labor requiring strength rather than skill," but, in the broad, economic, social sense, he is in common with the scenic-artist, the musician, the electrician, and the sceneshifter, a laborer, laboring in the performance of a single and common task, one of a large or small group, earning a weekly wage, andalthough differing from the others inasmuch that although his product possesses only an intangible quality, it nevertheless consists of a negotiable commodity which his employer sells to the public for profit.

This is particularly exemplified when the actor engages in motion-picture work. The enormous incomes enjoyed by some actors in this field is not due so much to their superlative popularity as to the fact that the product of their labor can be (like chewing-gum) manufactured and sold in unlimited quantities, in other wordstheir huge incomes are not derived from salaries but from sales. This argument is modestly presented in confutation of the managers' claim that an actor's services are "unique, special and extraordinary and that they cannot be sold to the public as a commodity."

An artist's affiliation with organized labor has no relation whatever to his Art, it affects only the conditions under which his Art is practiced. This condition is due to a weighty and gradual social development resulting from the inevitable elimination of the individual in large enterprises. The individual, whether he be employer or employee finds it is impracticable to deal with a combination. It is evident that in all cases where large interests, and large numbers of persons are involved that all business dealings must be transacted by combinations representing all



BRUCE McRAE A leading figure in the Actors' Strike

parties concerned. This is rational and economic. In connection with the foregoing-a wellknown actress who refused to follow her associates when they went out on the recent regrettable strike, indignantly exclaimed: "This is outrageous, this is the age of individualism," quite unconscious of the fact evidently that this is the age when even Nations are unionizing.

However, the public, especially the "Young Person," and all those who support the theatre nowadays, are probably more interested in the personal side of the question. It is safe to assume that those of us who belong to old theatrical families connected with the theatre for two generations and more are not feeling "insulted" by our affiliation with organized labor, and that most of the fatuous fussiness and indignation exploited in the daily press recently has emanated more from the bosoms of ladies whose ascendency on the ladder of histrionic fame has been more accelerated by the assistance of modistes and milliners than by years of hard work and stock drudgery. Henry Irving, no doubt, was proud to consider himself a laborer as he was to always declare himself to his public as their "Humble Servant," and where in this country to-day is there a greater laborer than David Belasco, devoting every moment, every ounce of energy, to his great task, surrounded by loyal laborers in his perfectly equipped workshop, the establishment of which has been his life's ambition, an artist's workshop in which the very atmosphere is charged with the "will to labor, with the desire to co-operate, an atmosphere devoid of sodidness, commercialism, but vibrating with 'unionism' in its most perfected form."

The late Bronson Howard so rejoiced in the sensation of feeling himself "a laborer" thatwith his own hands he built the little one-room "hut" in which many of his plays were written. No paint or varnish desecrated the interior of this work-shop, on the walls of which his books and his tools reposed with equal dignity. desk, a chair and a stove completed the furnishing and on his book-plate his name and the word "Plays" was surrounded by drawings of a manuscript and of his carpenters' tools. The most conspicuous of the latter was the axe, the use of which the one-time "Dean of American Dramatists" strongly advocated and which is now respectfully submitted to The Editor by the author of this article.

Bruce Ty: Rae



PITY THE MUSICAL COMEDY JUVENILE

White flannels and a toy moustache the only essentials for success. A protest

By DONALD MACDONALD



SHOULD like to voice a protest in this day when reform is in order, when conditions are in fluid state, impossibilities are daily bread, and "the things which are not are confounding the things which are."

The theatre—reflecting contemporaneous life—is turbulent and marching on, and even musical comedy here and there manifests its native qualities; satire, melody and romance—but, like the Scriptural poor, we have ever with us that vapid creation, that most meaningless puppet in all the realms of Thespis, the Musical Comedy juvenile. Having played one after another of these difficult young gentlemen, I can surely speak as "one having authority."

It seems to me that the inflexible laws of tradition have been cast aside everywhere else, yet in piece after piece he does the same thing, in the same way, at the same time.

He must be young, Good Lord!—is there anything so young on land or sea as the Juvenile? Between his violent attacks of youth he sings and dances with one to four girls; there is a vast latitude in the songs he may sing, ranging from "Love Is Love In The Summer" to "I'm In Love With A Love Of A Girl," and even so far afield as "Eyes Of Blue Means Y-O-U."

He must never for a moment be quiet or say anything intelligent, and it is safest to let him do nothing during the play that a young man might do in life under co-relative circumstances.

As for complications and episodes, there are several which are screamingly funny, for instance: let his moustache—which the ingenue may insist that he grow as a condition of her consent—stick to the same lady's lips as they embrace, or let it be painted so that the comedian may smear it. Either variation of the moustache theme is diverting; oh, a Musical Comedy Juvenile must have a toy moustache.

It is equally important that he pursue the soubrette unsuccessfully until the arm-swinging in the finale. This can be managed by her flip and uninviting rejoinders to his advances—or, more happily, let the comedian interrupt him each time he is about to propose; the latter trick offers the Juvenile an opportunity for a side-splitting scene of indignation and petulance, and it has the added virtue of being exactly what a boy wouldn't do in life.

Then the engaging young thing should be of an old family; you can be certain of that from his name on the programme, which should be something like Stuyvesant Van Cortlandt. It isn't vital that he should indicate his breeding in the play, in fact, if he prates of the family tree, and dresses like 47th Street and Broadway, it is more in keeping with the laws of Musical Comedy.

Young Van Cortlandt must be engaged to the Prima Donna in Act One, and it is thought best to have pages of dialogue in this act, bearing on this fact—and conditions of a will. This should be lost sight of then until the finale when he can exclaim—"Then I do get the money and the little girl I love!"—clasping the cerise and alabaster ingenue to his silk shirt front.

Finally, he must wear white flannels in either Act One or Two; tradition is absolute here; white clothes sing of youth, and contrast so well with Number Five grease paint (all regular Juveniles use "Number Five Sunburn").

Will some brave revolutionary librettist some day, somewhere conceive and set down a young man with manners, some varying phases of character and occasional glints of humor? Every young actor of my acquaintance asks the same question. As I am handed part after part of the white flannel, ill-mannered, prancing variety, I groan and grow more sympathetic toward audiences who surely must be as annoyed by the young upstarts as I am. It can be done for there were two juvenile rôles this season possessing these qualities, those played by Charles King in "Good Morning, Judge" and Frederick Santley in "The Royal Vagabond."

Yet there is one gratifying side of being a player of dancing Juveniles; you are spared the labor of learning new parts. Merely play the moustache scene in whichever act the author may designate, and keep your white flannels in shape

I have often heard theatre-goers say that Musical Comedy players play carelessly and think not at all of characterization, and relatively the accusation is borne out in effect, but—Shades of W. S. Gilbert!—did they ever listen to the dialogue in the average piece, with special emphasis on that saddled on the Juvenile? Do they know that the actors, at first readings, fairly wear out their eyes searching for some

line, some scene which may contain a human strain, a real thought, a slight basis upon which to build a possible shadow of a human being? They more than likely find instead a scene like the following:

SCENE: Paris-Artist's Studio.

ENTER: JACK VAN EDGERTON, a young millionaire.

JACK

Well, Paris is a wonderful place.

(ENTER Artists' Models)

MODELS (in unison)

Do you really think so?

JACK

Why girls, what are you doing here?

Models (in unison)

We came over on a Cook's Tour.

JACK

It must be wonderful to be an artist.

Models (in unison)

Why

JACK

Then I would paint six pretty little girls like you.

(SONG: "Six Pretty Little Girls Like You") (After song Jack re-enters—sees Helen)

JACK

What-! You here, Helen?

HELEN

Yes, Jack, I couldn't fulfill the conditions of the will which said I must give you up, or lose the ten million dollars.

JACK

Then you do care for me a little?

HELEN

Why Jack, you know I love you more than love can tell.

(SONG: "I Love You More Than Love Can Tell")

And so on-and so on-

To paraphrase Fay Bainter's prayer from 'East Is West': "Oh, please, nice white man's God, be good to young actors and send them nice sensible parts to play in musical comedy, and if they no get nice sensible parts, then please, nice white man's God—make librettists go to hell!"

RESOLUTIONS FOR THE NEW SEASON

Julia Sanderson:—Never to sing another Honeymoon song.

Mr. and Mrs. Coburn:—To let Molière rest and find "Better Rôles."

George M. Cohan:—To "Cohanize" all comic

Chauncey Olcott:—To write his own plays. Leo Ditrichstein:—To let some one else write

Eddie Cantor:—To stand still and sing a song. Elsie Janis:—To stay "Over Here" awhile.

Frank Bacon:—To be struck by another flash of "Lightnin'."

Donald Brian:—To come out from "Behind the Gun" and be a star again.

Marilynn Miller:—To be "The Spirit of the Follies."

Ann Pennington:—To stop dancing so "Scandal"-ously.

A. H. Woods:-Never to produce another

Florenz Ziegfeld:—To stop producing and become a ticket speculator.

Ina Claire:—To forget the "past" and reappear in the present.

Smith and Golden:—To be such "Wise Fools" as they were this season.

George Arliss:-To exhaust the characters of history.

Joseph Cawthorn: To resume his German dialect.

FREDERICK C. RUSSELL.



From a portrait by Maurice Goldberg

ANN PENNINGTON

THE most diminutive of the "Scandals," but the most bewitching of them all is this expert dancer who is the brightest spot in the "Scandals of 1919," the musical revue at the Liberty



Photos White

The chorus of "Oh, What a Girl," the musical piece seen at the Shubert, is graceful, spirited and pretty



Ernest Lawford, Estelle Winwood, Kenneth Douglas and Marguerite St. John in the new farce, "Too Many Husbands"

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



FTER being closed for four weeks owing to the actors' strike—the most serious disturbance of the kind in the history of the American theatre—New York's forty odd playhouses have again reopened their doors, the actors and managers having happily settled their differences.

The strike, which began on August 8 last and ended on September 6, was a complete victory for the players, represented by the Actors' Equity Association. The managers professed they were fighting for the open shop. The Actors' Equity Association has always conceded the open shop. As the New York Times observes editorially. "It is to the actors' great credit that they have conceded this point from the start." The real fight was against recognition of the Actors' Equity Association. This was the real issue and the actors, backed by their allies, the stage hands and musicians, have won, settlement being reached on the basis of formal recognition by the managers of the Actors' Equity.



Peace came suddenly after drastic measures had been taken by the unions to bring the managers to terms. The stage hands' union placed on the "unfair" list 193 Shubert theatres and theatres where Shubert attractions were playing, calling out by telegraph all the stage hands here and in other cities.

The strike, now happily ended, was fast bringing about a condition unprecedented in theatrical history. Theatres all over the country were closing. Millions of dollars were being lost. Friendships and business ties of years were being shattered.

The Equity Association closed one metropolitan attraction after another, darkening twenty-one theatres and preventing the presentation of at least six announced première performances. When it is realized that the theatrical business ranks fourth in this country's industries, some idea of the vast amount of potential box office receipts involved may be imagined. The strike practically held the legitimate stage in its grip in the four largest cities of the country.

The damage suits, it was generally agreed, were a mistake on the part of the managers, in-as-much as they were based upon the famous Danbury hatters' case which for years has been anathema to union labor. The theory involved is that each individual member of a society, by delegating authority to certain leaders, becomes personally responsible for the acts of those leaders. Defendants in the suits include numerous prominent motion picture stars such as Douglas Fairbanks, Nazimova, Elsie Ferguson, Fred Stone, Dustin Farnum and Francis X. Bushman, who naturally rallied immediately to the support of the Equity Association. The bringing of the damage suits also served to align the American Federation of Labor squarely against the managers, the stage hands and musicians striking a few days later.

The closing of the theatres was replete with dramatic incidents. Crowds thronged the streets and wound in long lines about the box offices waiting for the refunding of their admittance fee. Actor and actress pickets promenaded in front of theatres, providing a diversified and novel entertainment for fellowprofessionals and curious onlookers. George M. Cohan and William A. Brady quickly reorganized their respective companies and starred themselves. Mr. Brady, at this writing, still continues to appear as the butler in his production of "At 9:45," but Mr. Cohan's opera comique, 'The Royal Vagabond," was terminated by a walk-out of stage hands and musicians.



Mr. Cohan has been something of a storm center during the course of the entire controversy and following his resignation from the Lambs Club and the Friars, the Rialto was treated to the dramatic spectacle of more than 300 members of the Friars' Club parading to "the little fellow's" theatre to beg him to withdraw his resignation as abbot of that organization—but to no avail. Mr. Brady and Mr. Belasco also withdrew from the actors' clubs and with Mr. Cohan, announced that if the Actors' Equity emerged from

the strike triumphant, they would never produce another play.

E. H. Sothern addressed a meeting of the Equity a few days after the strike was called and brought the announcement from the managers that they would be glad to deal with the actors individually in case of grievances, but would not deal with them collectively as members of the Equity. This proposal was loudly denounced and Mr. Sothern left the meeting and resigned from the A. E. A. He immediately inaugurated the formation of a new association, which, a few days later had gained sufficient membership and prestige to successfully organize as the Actors' Fidelity

Mr. Cohan had declared himself willing to resign from the Producing Managers' Association to head a new actors' organization to which he would personally contribut \$100,000. Accordingly, the presidency of the Fidelity League was tendered Cohan and accepted after his resignation from the managers' association, though still, as the Equity pointed out, a member of the firm of Cohan & Harris, and as such affiliated with Mr. Harris, president of the Producing Managers' Association

Mr. Cohan, in accepting the chair, presented a new contract to the members of the Fidelity League, which embodied all the original demands of the Equity and more. The new contract provided that eight performances should constitute a week; full salaries for all rehearsals after four weeks for dramatic companies, and after five weeks for musical shows; in musical shows all costumes, from wigs to shoes, to be provided by the managers; all gowns to be provided by the managers in both dramatic and musica! productions; salaries to be paid not later than Saturday night, and a number of other concessions that ex-

ceeded the Equity's demands.

The contract was enthusiastically received by the Fidelity League, but the Equity Association contended that the situation was not altered since no provision was made for recognition of a representative



Marie Dressler surrounded by a mass of striking actors and actresses in front of the Actors' Equity Association Headquarters Well-known striking players rehearsing. Left to right, sitting: Florine Arnold, Doris Rankin, Ethel Barrymore, Louise McIntosh. Standing: Chas. Coghlan, Lionel Barrymore, Conway Tearle



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The "Big Four" of the Actors' Equity Association leading
the striking actors and actresses in a parade down Broadway. From left to right, John Cope, Grant Stewart,
Frank Gilmore and Francis Wilson



The producers George Broadhurst, David Belasco, and Arthur Hopkins after meeting with the Actors' Equity Association at the Hotel Astor in an effort to settle the Actors' walk out

actors' organization to enforce the terms of the contract.

The arrival of Gompers from Europe found the labor chief squarely allied with the Actors' Equity. Several days after his, arrival, after a conference with him in Washington, the producing managers issued a statement as a resumé of their position as they presented it to Mr. Gompers.

"A condition like this can only mean chaos and, finally, death to the theatre," the statement said. "The entire producing business is based on individual contract between actor and manager. Productions are planned far ahead with certain actors in mind to insure their success, and, naturally, if success follows, the manager wants to feel certain of the services of these actors for a definite period. The actor must be free from all outside interference. He cannot serve two masters—the theatre and unionism.

"A nominally uncertain business would become too hazardous, and might easily be exposed to a series of strikes that would ruin the theatre. The substitution of actormanagements would in no way alleviate the situation, since they in turn would be ever subject to the same conditions, which the present managers believe would make theatre operation and play production too hazardous to be longer attractive."

The Equity promptly answered this by reminding the managers that out of chaos came the Constitution of the United States. They also pointed out that there seems to be no legitimate reason why the managers, who are unionized, should object to the actors being unionized also.

Shortly before the general settlement was reached by the managers and the Actors' Equity Association, the Hippodrome, the world's greatest playhouse, succumbed to a strike of chorus girls and other employees, accepted the resignation of its director, Charles B. Dillingham; a member of the Producing Managers' Association, and negotiating through Marie Dressler, President of the chorus branch of the Equity, granted all demands and raised the weekly minimum salary from \$25,00 to \$35,00.

LEXINGTON.—Acrors' Equity.

I T is a well-known economic aphorism that a strike unsupported by public sentiment always fails. Let us regard the late Rapid Transit difficulty as the exception

which proves the rule. If the size of the audiences, however, at the Lexington Theatre where the Actors' Equity Association held forth in a series of entertainments for their common fund is any criterion, the players in their fight with the managers should breeze in an easy winner.

Vast as that big auditorium is, it has been sold out night after night by eight o'clock. Of course, there never was a time when so many all-dressed-up for amusement had nowhere to go, so that they flocked in hordes to the big opera house, the last and largest in the long chain of theatres which the late Oscar Hammerstein, by his energy, courage and enterprise, contributed to the metropolitan make-up.

Few vaudeville bills are universally applauded, but those at the Lexington had no weak spots. From start to finish each number was greeted with hilarious enthusiasm.

Not surprising, for the cream of the profession was on tap. Some top liners, eager to get on the programme, were prevented by injunctions, but there was talent galore, and the enthusiasm with which the performers worked in their heart-felt cause, got over the footlights and ran like a current of electricity through the big auditorium.

Three hours of steady entertainment was purveyed at each performance. With no desire to be invidious, it is impossible to enumerate all who took part. Of course, there were some high spots, but the even quality of the show was its real distinguishing feature.

The evening I was there the "cute" little Duncan Sisters (I wonder just how old they really are!), started things off with a bang. Dainty Marie Nordstrom followed with her interpretative songs and then came the Equity Dancers, fully a score of masculine exponents of the terpsichorean art, in the every phase, muscular, acrobatic and poetically discreet. When a man unaided can hold such a cosmopolitan audience in perfect hand for thirty minutes, it speaks volumes for his entertaining skill. Chic Sale does this. His sketch of the "Country Minister" and the various types of rubes who afterwards take part in the Sunday School entertainment are gems of rural expression, especially the aged "Tuby" player who, while not strong in technique, is noted for speed and

Ethel Barrymore and Conway Tearle in the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" held them spell-bound. The beautiful Ethel who is loved as much for her charm and looks as for her art, made a radiant Juliet, and poured forth the luxurious text with a full appreciation of its gorgeous content. Tearle was supremely handsome as the scion of the house of Montague, but to me he was too detached, too wanting in the necessary youthful enthusiasm

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Of course, De Wolf Hopper and Marie Dressler as Compere and Commere, introducing the striking chorus boys and chorus girls from the various shows they had quitted, never snapped out their bubbling wit and repartee with more perfect abandon and verve; while two quiet singing turns, replete with sentiment and humor, were contributed by Carl Randall and Frank Fay.

Blanche Ring's effervescent good humor worked at top speed in behalf of the cause and Jim Barton—I'd never seen him before—was as funny and skillful a dancer as I have ever seen.

The concluding number was Brandon Tynan's impassioned delivery of Hassard Short's moving speech in behalf of Equity. The setting was marvelously effective in its Reinhardtian suggestion.

SELWYN. "THE CHALLENGE."
Play in three acts by Eugene Walter.
Produced on August 5 with this cast:

Harry Winthrop Mary Winthrop Holbrook Blinn A Nurse Ruth Benson Richard Putnam Allan Dinehart Georgie Lawrence Mrs. Bemis \
Mrs. Mather \ Fannie Bryant William Mather Wilson Reynolds John Shanley Ben Johnson Charles A. Sellon C. M. Van Clieve A Police Reporter A Copy Reader Harry Day Taylor Warren Harry Mainhill Hallett Thompson Reddy Smith Frank Torpey A Telegraph Editor William Battison William Smith First Accountant Second Accountant F. C. Bronson Third Accountant William White A Stereopticon Operator C. R. Brown Andrew Bemis Wm. T. Morgan Fred Karr Toney Bertalini Vici Ioucelli Smith Herbert Bostwick 1st Member of the Committee Frank Vogel

THE Challenge" is a dramatic discussion, in three acts, a prologue and an epilogue, of the current and general misunderstandings between labor and capital. The timeliness of its theme is beyond question.

It may be regarded as, in most respects, the strongest output of a playwright whose work is chiefly

characterized by its force. There is always plenty of conflict in the Walter plays. The author makes the characters speak their minds in no uncertain language. These Walteresque marks are everywhere evident in "The Challenge." Indeed, the characters speak their minds so long and often that there is imminent danger, in six or more spots, of the play becoming a preachment and action degenerating into dialogue.

Yet no one knows better than the author of "The Easiest Way," "Paid in Full," "Fine Feathers," etc., how to pull up a play that is sliding down the toboggan incline of talkiness. Repeatedly he does this in strong scenes to the patent satisfaction of the audience. Not long is the playgoer's mind permitted to wander to his neighbor or other matters extraneous to the stage.

The clash of wills that makes drama is furnished by a young man of wealth and ideals of public service and a young soldier, that has been made blind in war but regains his sight and returns to his country war-sickened, a peace propagandist and socialist. The main protagonist of conservatism is represented by Holbrook Blinn, the star; the radical by Allan Dinehart. Harry Winthrop, the rich man, engages Richard Putnam, the returned soldier, to edit his newspaper. The young editor vitalizes the paper and increases its circulation, fairly representing the views of his employer; in his personal capacity he foregathers with the local soviet and becomes its chairman and spokesman. The first big dramatic moment comes when the capitalist charges the socialist with disloyalty to his paper and employer. Complexity is introduced into what might be a simple clash of wills by the fact and entrance of Winthrop's sister who is Putnam's betrothed.

In a tender scene between the affianced pair; the girl tells the youth that she knows she has but part of his heart, that most of it is devoted to the cause of humanity which he tries to serve. She offers him his freedom that he may without division of interests follow what he believes to be the great light and, she is sure, is a will-o-thewisp. Winthrop warns Putnam that the men for whom he is sacrificing his love and his personal ambition and his happiness will forsake and foresweat him. But the young zealot renounces his fiancée, resigns his post and pledges his life to his work for humanity.

With the swiftness of drama the prophecy is fulfilled. The Com-

mittee of Seventy charge him with having betrayed it into the hands of its powerful enemies. Only by intervention of one member of the committee of seventy, excellently played by Frank Vogel, is his life spared.

A reporter who had been on his staff finds him sick and abandoned in Chicago and induces him to return to his sweetheart and resume life in his own class.

It seems to have been a labor propaganda play that changed its mind and tossed itself into the capitalistic lap. There is authority for the belief that the play in its earlier form was stronger. The young zealot was the spirit of He did not return to his sweetheart and the softer life. Instead, having been shot by an inflammable member of the committee of seventy, he vanished as spiritual essence. The feeling that divinity had taken on mortal form was definitely conveyed. But counsel and experience prevailed. The hero was saved. The play had its happy ending, with the lovers in a Nelson grip.

Mr. Walter may be proud of his play—at times and spots. The trio on whom the chief success of the rendition depended, Jessie Glendinning as the heroine who suffered between lover and brother, Holbrook Blinn and Allan Dinehart, gave intelligent, restrained, and memorably creditable performances.

48TH STREET. "THOSE WHO WALK IN DARKNESS." Drama in four acts by Owen Davis, from the novel of Perley Peere Sheehan. Produced on August 14 with this cast:

L. J. O'Connor Dowd Bob Percival Reniers Alfred Knight "Doc" Hedges George W. Wilson Alec Breen Arthur Shaw Amy Ricard Millie Freeman Mrs. Moss Rufus Underwood Donald Gallaher A Girl Mabel Maurel Sally Kathryn Sheldon Viola Swan Laura Walker Dr. Bradford Everett Milburn Jessie Schofield Consuela Bailey Mrs. Alma Jenvey Helen Tracy Judge Joel Kennedy Howard Kyle Godfrey Matthews Andy Jenvey

PROTECTED by an injunction which prevented its would-be striking players from walking out, the Shuberts were enabled to make their production of "Those Who Walk in Darkness" on the date announced. But before the legal paper got in its fine work some shifting about was made in the cast and the

effect was manifest, for Owen Davis' new drama did not have full and complete justice done it. There was a want of artistic finish to its episodic opening scene and one or two of the players failed to measure up to the requirements of their narts.

The play, however, which is based on a novel by Perley Peere Sheehan, turns on the social and moral rehabilitation of Viola Swan, one of those exotics from the country, who, battered by relentless Metropolitan fate, find themselves thrust on the streets. We must blindly accept the fact that Miss Swan is "pushed" into this unenviable situation, otherwise we shall lose interest in her sincere love, which Rufus Underwood, also from the country, inspired and which he in turn reciprocated with an enthusiasm born of gratitudeshe nursed him through a bad case of typhoid-and the compelling lure of her perfect charm.

The first act with its night lunch wagon scene and the interior of the disreputable rooming house in West 39th Street, starts the proceedings with no little local color of a positive and interesting kind. The second act is the best where the young woman, apparently secure in her happiness, finds herself confronted with the lustful machinations of a blackmailing associate of her would-be-forgotten past. To defeat him she declares what she has been and peace and happiness seem forever doomed, but reliefnot over ingeniously displayedcomes to her help in the end and the conclusion is what the average playgoer wants, expects and gets.

Viola Swan is played by Laura Walker with an emotional insight and power of expression quite admirable. There is no doubt that she possesses histrionic gifts of a high order. Arthur Shaw was equally admirable as the tough young New Yorker who rather suddenly turns into a villain, and Donald Gallaher, who takes the ruffled swan to his heart of hearts, was nicely sincere. George W Wilson successfully portrayed the humor of a Judge and a good bit of passion was contributed by Godfrey Matthews. Consuela Bailey was cutely kittenish in the rôle of the super-romantic ingenue and Helen Tracy gave a vivid portrait of the disreputable lodging housekeeper. As we go to press, the stage hands have struck and "Those Who Walk in Darkness" are hanging about until some adjustment takes place.



Photos White

A typical quick lunch wagon with its regular patrons for hot coffee and buns, is one of the best scenes in Owen Davis' new drama "Those Who Walk in Darkness"



In this Pullman train, with its wellknown porter, Suzanne Willa is the girl, Francis Bryne the passenger engrossed in his newspaper — a scene in Adolph Klauber's first production "N i g htie Night"



The busy newspaper office, with ringing telephones, alert reporters, clicking typewriters—a hectic scene in Eugene Walter's new play "The Challenge"



A WOMAN OF NO IMAGINATION

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE

Author of "That Girl From Orchard Street"; "Man From Wishing Rock," etc.



HEN the knock at her dressing-room door sounded for the second time, Katherine Gibson lifted her eyes, and half closed the book which had absorbed her attention.

"Come in," she called, begrudgingly. If only the other members of the company would find a method of occupying their time other than by forcing their conversation on her.

"Oh, it's you—good evening, Mr. Eggers. I didn't know that you had joined us." The boredom was gone now. There was cordiality in her voice, and just the trace of anxiety. She rose to greet him. Martin Eggers owned the "Paradise" company, as well as many other productions, and that he should choose to visit her, portended a communication of importance.

Eggers nodded, looked quickly about the small dressing-room as if to be sure that they were alone, and then found a seat on the theatre trunk

"Sit down," was his greeting, "I've got something for you to do."

Katherine's heart leaped. A new rôle? An advance in salary and position?

"I'm not going to star you—yet," Eggers read her thoughts, "but maybe, if you do as I tell you

I'll have something for you in a New York production."

He selected a cigar from three that his case held, lighted it, and looked thoughtfully into the smoke. The girl, she was hardly a woman, had backed against the farther wall, waiting. Her eyes travelled quickly about the small dressing-room of the one-night stand theatre, resting on the one costume that she wore in "Paradise"—the conventional black of a stage maid. For three seasons she had been a maid—first, a part that required but five lines, gradually up the scale until this season, the start of her fourth year in the theatre world, she actually had a scene—a commanding "bit." But she was still the maid. Mentally, she vowed that if she ever had servants they would never wear black. Pink, more likely, gray—but never black.

"You possibly remember our several little arguments regarding the future?" Eggers was abrupt, "how I told you that you'd probably have to go on playing maids and other small parts until you got some imagination into your work?"

She nodded.

"Well—I've told you from the start that I thought you'd never make an actress. You're like thousands of other women—you drifted into

the profession because you thought it would be nice to paint your face, and stand back of the footlights. You've been discontented, yet you haven't realized how to plan your work. That shows lack of imagination—yet you have tried to tell me that you had plenty of it."

Katherine Gibson bit her lips. There was nothing that she could say. She knew, of course that he had not come up two flights of stairs to tell her this. She wished that he would eliminate the preliminaries.

"That's the trouble with the stage," he went on with his lecture, "It's a showy life—it offers a sense of excitement. That's the reason it draws in a lot of men and women who are destined to failure, and the stage gets a bad name."

"Do you think I am going to give the stage bad name?" Katherine asked quickly. She resented Eggers' calm assertions.

"No, but then who can tell whether you're going to always be able to play maids? Yo may get too old and then you may get sick-and die. There will be another chance for the newspapers to print 'Actress Dies in County Almshouse.'"

"Oh!" the exclamation voiced horror and protest.

Well, it's happened before," Eggers laughed. "Perhaps you'll marry, or you may have a family back of you to support you in case of illness, but there are plenty of women who feel the urge of the stage, that end the way I pictured."

She did not answer him. He looked at her with a half glance. He was really interested in this girl. To begin with, she was very pretty, and while she had never shown any real talent, Eggers was more or less of the opinion that the cold, blue eyes might be made to flash with fire -that the languid body might strain at the leash of emotions, in other words, that she might be made an actress. She was fairly young, twentyfive or six, he judged, though she might persuade a less discerning man that she was younger. Who she was, where she had come from, he did not know. He had made several openings which might have allowed her to talk of herself, but she had never done so. That she was used to refined surroundings was evident, as was her edu-

It was this education that had attracted Eggers at the very first, her well-modulated voice, her use of the English language. He remembered perfectly the afternoon she had come seeking an engagement. He had been alone, and the moment was as an oasis in his daily routine. There was plenty of work that he might have been doing, but he had just finished quarreling with one of his stars, and having gained his point, he was relaxed, mentally girding himself for the next unpleasantness, which he knew might happen any moment.

And the office boy had brought in her card—Miss Katherine Gibson. He remembered thinking that if she had so forcibly impressed the office boy—she must be worth seeing, and in this spirit of indifference he had interviewed her.



ATHERINE knew afterwards what Eggers had known that afternoon—that she had made a decided impression. He had talked with her for the better part of an hour, talked of books, music, costuming, but not at all of the stage after her first few words which told him she wished to be an actress.

When it was time for him to keep an important engagement he said that she must go. And he had told her to report to his general manager the following morning at eleven, making the engagement through the medium of the office telephone. When Katherine went home to the friends with whom she was staying in the city, they assured her that his action meant an engagement.

It had—as a maid at thirty-five dollars a week. And since then, even though the importance of the part and the salary had progressed—she was earning sixty dollars a week this season, she had played maids—nothing but maids.

All this passed through Eggers' mind as he sat there. Part of it the girl pictured, but she was too excited over the future—the reason why Martin Eggers should have come to this small town to see her, for "Paradise" was "breaking in" before its jump into the big cities that were to follow its New York success. The town where they had just played a matinée and were to give a night's performance was a hundred miles away from New York—a poky little place with a bad hotel. Yet he had come there to see her.

"We're going to play Hartford all next week," Eggers told her. "It's Fair Week, and we ought to do well."

"It's a nice place," Katherine agreed. She had played there the previous season.

"And while we're there, I've got a little job for you to do."

At last! Katherine swung the chair before her dressing table so that it faced Eggers, and waited. "Yes?" she questioned.

"My sister, my only sister, lives in Hartford. She's been in New York the past few days, trying to persuade me that she needs to be an actress. She says that she's unhappy, that her husband doesn't understand her, that she wants to leave him—and that I must give her a career."

The face of the woman who sat in the straight-backed chair darkened, though if Eggers noticed it he did not show that he was conscious of any change.



KNOW for a fact, that she'll never make an actress," he went on. "She is good-looking, but she lacks fire. And damn it! why can't a woman learn even on the stage life isn't all one burst of applause? I tried to tell Eunice, that's my sister's name, that Tommy Doyle was a darned fine husband, but she said I didn't know. As far as I can find out the only thing the matter with the chap is that he's been too darn successful and too good to Eunice. He's let her have everything she wants, including her own way. They've been married four years, and two years ago he wept over the fact that there wasn't the slightest prospect of an addition to the family. He said that Eunice didn't think she was strong enough to bring up children."

Eggers jumped to his feet, and paced the length of the small room. He stopped and peered out from the high window, down the unsavory alley onto which the back of the theatre opened.

"Look at them down there—two kiddies playing mud-pies, and a woman who could give every child she owns an acre lot to play in isn't strong enough to bring them up."

He looked challengingly at the girl who had not moved in her chair.

"Have you—you any children, Mr. Eggers?" she asked quickly. She knew that he was married—nothing more.

"Have I? Six! And they're just healthy Indians! Incidentally, their mother is still one of the best-looking women that ever came into my office." He threw his head high. Katherine thought at that moment that if those who were so prone to criticize the morals of the stage could see this man, could hear him, they would have small ground for combat.



S HE shan't ruin her life—she shan't ruin his life, either. I've kept her away from the back of the stage purposely—just so that she wouldn't get the bug. But she thinks she needs a career." He sniffed. Suddenly he was standing over her. 'You say you have imagination. I want you to go there and persuade her she is crazy to think of giving up her home—show her the stage is only a place of false lights, paint, powder and tinsel. I don't care what you say, only make her see the truth about herself." He was visibly moved, almost to the point of incoherency.

"You mean that you want me to visit your sister, and try and persuade her that she should stay with her husband?"

"Yes," the emotion was gone, he was suddenly calm and calculating. "I want you to go to her as an unknown. You're a lady, you ought to be able to impress her. You'll have to think of a way to get to her home without an introduction. A woman with an imagination could do a lot in a week. She's Mrs. Thomas Doyle—she lives out Farmington Avenue," he mentioned a number which Katherine wrote down, "and no matter what you do—don't let her know that I have

talked with you. You understand that? It's your chance, Miss Gibson, and if you make good, why, there'll be a real part for you later in the fall—a good part—in New York City. I'll train you myself."

He went to the door, and stood for a minute looking at his watch.

"Time for you to start dressing," he was suddenly very business-like. "I'm going to see the house manager a minute, and then get back to New York. Good night."

He was gone. For many minutes Katherine stared at the door through which he had disappeared. And then, because she was an actress, and people of the stage must play their parts no matter how great their personal emotion, she dressed hurriedly, finishing before the assistant stage manager called fifteen minutes later.

It was Thursday of her week in Hartford, and six days since she had talked with Eggers in the small dressing-room of the one-night stand town. Yet Katherine had not found her way out to the broad street on which Eggers' sister lived. She had spent untold hours planning, thinking, plotting, yet she had reached no conclusion as to how she might approach the woman who lived in the big house on Farmington Avenue. She had marked the house, but nothing else. Yes—she was beginning to think it was as Eggers had said—she lacked imagination.



S she stood by the window of her boarding-A see stood by the minor house room, looking over the park-like street, she thought of Mrs. Thomas Doyle. It was a pretty city, she decided, and one that any woman might find a proper setting for her life. Just at present the trees and grass were fading, but in the spring and summer they must blossom with great beauty. A sudden gust of wind carried the dead leaves from the limbs of the trees before her. Katherine shuddered. She disliked the fall, she disliked death in any form. For the first time she realized that it was no longer sunny. The sky above her head was clear, but over in the East a great dark mass of cloud hung low. It was going to storm—an autumn storm that would come sweeping as a whirlwind, stripping the trees, and leaving the ruin of summer in its wake. For many minutes she stood watching the massing clouds, and then a sudden thought filled her. Her chance had come.

It was scarcely twenty minutes later when Katherine, dressed in her most becoming street dress and hat-coatless and umbrellaless, as the earlier part of the afternoon had demanded, stepped from a taxicab three blocks from Mrs. Doyle's house. The rain had not started, but the wind was playing havoc with the leaves and bushes. Katherine hurried on. The Doyle house, a big place with handsome grounds, was on the corner. The thought that Mrs. Doyle might not be at home, almost paralyzed the girl, but she kept on. A heavy raindrop hit her face. She almost ran. At the corner she hesitated a moment, looking up and down. Another rain-drop fell wet against her ungloved hand. She looked nervously about her. There was a trolley a long way off, and two or three hurrying automobiles, chickens scurrying under their mother's wings, was what they made her think of. The next gust of wind was wet. The rain had started. She turned, and ran up the walk of the house. Her heart beat like a trip-hammer as she mounted the steps and pushed the electric button.

A maid in black—how she hated the costume—answered the door.

"I wonder if I may telephone for a taxi? It's going to storm very hard, and I don't want to get wet." Katherine was a lady, and looked it. The maid did not hesitate a minute about allowing

her to enter the hall. The door was slammed closed by the wind. A woman appeared on the stairs, evidently the mistress of the house. The maid started to tell of the stranger's request, but Katherine interrupted her.

"I wonder if I might not telephone for a cab?" she assumed her best manner. "I started for a walk, and really didn't notice the storm was so close until the wind almost carried me away. I don't want to get wet if I can help it."

The woman came gracefully down the broad stairs.

"Why, yes, come right into the library." She led the way. Katherine looked quickly about the home. It was a luxurious place, mirroring on every side the personality of a woman who must have had plenty of money to spend. In the library she picked up the telephone book, and turned the pages rather idly.

"You know," she confessed, "I really didn't know how to find a taxi. I suppose that if I call the hotel, they'll tell me?"

"Why, yes." Katherine could see that she had interested the woman—then came the question expected. "You don't live in the city?"

Katherine rested the book on the table.

"No. I'm just here for the week. I'm playing at the theatre."

A quick light of interest flashed over the woman's countenance.

"Oh—with the 'Paradise'! Why, yes, I remember you—you were the maid in the last act. You had quite a big scene. I'm a sister of Martin Eggers."

Katherine's face mirrored all the surprise that she could command.

"A sister of Mr. Eggers? Isn't that a strange coincidence?"



YES," then, suddenly becoming very cordial, "Please sit down. I don't think the storm will last—it's only one of the fall whirlwinds. I'm going to tell the maid to serve us tea in the living-room. It's so much more comfy there."

It was all very easy, very simple. Katherine found herself sitting in a comfortable chair in a comfortable room, opposite a very charming hostess who poured tea from a silver pot into cups of real English china of the Indian Tree pattern.

"You know," Mrs. Doyle launched quite suddenly into the topic which Katherine knew must be close to her heart, "I'm much interested in the theatre, for I'm really thinking of going on the stage myself."

"On the stage?" Katherine looked quickly about the room.

"Oh, yes, it's comfortable here," Eunice Doyle read the meaning of her glance. "But I've thought it all over so many times. A woman of to-day does not reach maturity, self-respect, until she has had a career. I've tried to be a happy wife, but there's something within me that keeps calling for me to assert myself. I can't paint—I can't write—but I know I can act. I feel positive of it."

"Your brother could probably give you a splendid chance," was Katherine's comment.

"Yes, and there's no reason why I shouldn't take my chance when it is offered to me. The mean part of it is that Martin thinks I have no right to give up my home for a career."

"What does your husband say?" Katherine's question was very bald.

"Oh, he's furious. We haven't talked about it for weeks, but the last time we did he told me that if I tried to get a position, he'd consider it a sign that I didn't love him—that everything was over between us."

The woman who had come in from the storm sighed. For the second time her eyes traveled

slowly about the room.

i "It would be a shame to leave all this," she said softly.

"Oh—I don't know. You're like so many sentimentally inclined women. You probably never had a home and think it counts for so much. I know, all the actresses get married after they make some money, and most of them have a baby—it's good for the press-agent. You see, while my brother won't let me go what he calls 'back-stage' I'm very wise to stage life. Only my press-agent will have to say that I left off darning socks to heed the call boy," she laughed. "It must be wonderful to play every night—to have people applaud you—to earn lots of money for nice clothes, and have everything you want. That's a very good-looking hat you have on—it just matches your dress, doesn't it?"



ATHERINE did not answer at once. The K ATHERINE did not answer at ourself rain beat sharply against the windows. This was no passing storm. It was going to be a wild night. As she sat there in the hush of the room where the shadows were deepening in the corners, she thought of other rooms she had known. Her mind, her body, went back over the years. There was a moment of heartache, of longing-for days that would never come again. And then she remembered that it was growing late, and that this was her chance. If she was going to live in rooms like this again-it would be because she earned them. And to earn them meant workhard work. It meant earning that part that Eggers had promised her. She roused herself from her lethargy.

"This hat," she said quietly, "oh, yes—how many hats have you had new this fall, Mrs. Doyle?"

"Why-only four-" was the astonished answer.

"I had only one. This hat and dress are the best costume I own. I have a last year's suit, and a hat I trimmed myself. Then I have this dress, and a coat for which I saved all winter—a coat that cost me eighty hard-earned dollars."

The woman back of the tea cart looked puzzled. She did not understand.

"Mrs. Doyle," Katherine hurried on, "you know—while I've only known you a few minutes, you have made me think of a girl who played in 'The Heart's Highway' company a couple of seasons ago."

"Oh, were you in that? That was one of my brother's biggest successes—wasn't it?"



Y ES, and this girl—she was only about twentytwo or three, and very, very pretty. Lots of the people used to wonder why she was there. Some of them said that your brother was interested in her, but they changed their minds as the season went on, for they saw that the girl was living on her own wages, and they knew what that meant-next door to poverty. I don't suppose that you can realize what it means to start at the bottom of the ladder and fight for a career. It means that you have to play cheap companiesone night stands, and unless you have a family to help you pay your bills, you live in bad hotels, eat poor food, poor clothing. And you live in dread of getting sick, and stint yourself trying to save for the summer season.

"Of course, you wouldn't have to go through all this, but any woman who earns her own living has to pay a fair price—no matter who she is. The girl I speak of had been married at nineteen. The man was a successful business man and he gave her lots of money to spend. He would have liked her to have a family of children, but she didn't want that. You see, all her life she had been remembering that once when she was about sixteen, and played 'Juliet' in a high school production, and the applause, the lights, the flowers they sent her—the things the local paper said. For years she had dreamed of the hour when she would do just that—only on a great stage, with real players, and an audience that came from the ends of the earth."

Mrs. Doyle's tea was unheeded as she listened eagerly. She made no comment when Katherine paused, but sat forward in her chair, her fingers balanced lightly on the edge of the tea-cart.

"Well, two years of her married life passed She got tired of arranging her home, of running her car, giving parties, and going out with her husband. She was peevish, and felt that she had to get out away from the small city they lived One day she asked her husband if he would let her go to Chicago to a dramatic school. He thought she had gone crazy—just that—crazy. Then she began to talk about a career. They quarreled. He told her that if she was a regular woman she'd be interested in bringing up a family. She cried and said that she was misunderstood. Life was-well-hell-for three months, and then one day she took a couple of hundred dollars that she had in the bank-money he had given her-and went to New York."

"And she had her career?"

"Yes, she liked it for a while—until the loneliness began to tell on her, until she wanted all the comfort and love she had been used to. She had to meet all kinds of people, to repel the advances of men who think that any woman, actress or otherwise, who earns her own living, is a play-toy. She had all the lights and the paint and the applause—but they grew to be very, very empty."

"But she was successful?"



ELL—yes. But, you know, it's one thing being an actress, and another thing being what you'd term a successful actress. For every girl who lands on Broadway in a good part, there are hundreds of clever women who play one night stands until they get so sick of it all that they'd leave the stage. They find that the years have brought them nothing—they're growing old, and youth counts so fiercely on the stage. Finally, they either marry or learn to do stenography, or go as waitresses. Why, the waitress in the boarding-house I'm living at used to be a chorus girl."

"You don't hold out a very pleasant prospect, do you?" Mrs. Doyle laughed nervously.

"Pleasant-no. Even if your brother was to give you a really good place, you'd have to work -there'd be weeks of rehearsal, weeks of standing around waiting to do as you are told. You'd be so very tired. Then there would come the opening night-and the next morning, when you looked at the papers. It's sad when the critics don't mention you, but if they say you're badthat's awful. You feel that you can't go back to the theatre and face the people you've worked with. Then there's the road. Even if you can stay at good hotels, the road is hard-living in a theatre trunk, and a handbag. There are days when the scenery is late-you have to get off the train and hunt up a place to eat and sleep, no matter how hard it rains or snows. But the worst of it all is the loneliness. Do you know why it is that women in professions sometimes go wrong? It's because they work so hard. They get so tired and lonesome, so blue, that they finally get to the point when they don't care what happens. Oh," Katherine rose from her seat, "I suppose that you think I'm mad to talk like this. because you've seen me (Concluded on page 276)



From a portrait by Abbe

BILLIE BURKE

THIS winsome star has long been absent from the stage, much to the delight of movie fans all over the world, but this season Broadway is to see her again in a comedy-drama by Somerset Maugham entitled "Caesar's Wife"

WOMEN WHO ARE FUNNY OFF THE STAGE

Amusing stage types copied by comedians from persons in real life

By MAUDE EBURNE



Of course, women who are funny off the stage don't know it. The starting-point of a woman who is funny is not her face, or her clothes, it is her own lack of humor. Women, as a rule, have less of it than men, and they are funnier on that account.

There are the women we make fun of, and the women who are funny because they have native wit, or mimicry, or sense of humor. On the whole, it is the women we make fun of who supply the best stage types. I say this with a deep reservation of sympathy for them, however, because there is a pathetic side to any human being without a sense of humor that is almost pitiful. Comedy is often the hidden light that illumines the grim figure of tragedy, unconsciously. It lights up the whole inner force of tragic motive in the lives of those who seem to be funny, but who are really only too serious. A woman will grow into old age with the same ideas of life she had when she was a young girl, having lost the glamour of romance. With the splendor of her youth over-shadowed, she still sees the world as it was then. She sticks to principles and neglects accumulating interest.

For instance, a woman whom I have known a long time, a teacher of a class of boys in a private school, confirms this point. She came to see me in this play, "The Canary," and I met her later.

"How did you like it?" I asked.



WELL,—it was delightfully humorous," she began, and then stopped. I could see that there was a hidden doubt in her mind about something, so I urged her to go on.

"Of course—the girls in the show are so young and fresh and such nice looking girls, that I suppose it was all right to bring the boys," she said, "but as a rule, I think it is not the kind of play that is educational enough for my students. I took them one afternoon to the Hippodrome, and I realized then that there was not as much decorum about the young women as there is in your play. They must use different paints or something, at the Hippodrome. On the whole, no doubt, the boys enjoyed it. They are such sturdy, humorous little fellows, and they understood perfectly when you were funny, but I prefer the educational show—for them."

That word "educational" is among the many abused words of the English language. I should like to have had the boys' own definition of it. To me, she is a funny type of woman of which there are thousands—the type that is afraid of the world as it is, and wants to squeeze it into a dull, scholarly place of safety for the young, and yet it is perfectly safe as it is, and, according to diplomatic views, getting safer every day.

But, we none of us really know how funny we are.

I was listening to a conversation between an ample elderly man from out of town, and his wife, a slim, diluted-looking female, whom the years had squeezed and frozen. They were seriously discussing what show they should go and see that night. I could barely hear her undertone, delivered after a long, but solemn argu-

ment over the names of plays they had been reading in the Amusement Columns of the newspapers.

"Now, John," she whispered, "I don't want to see one of those shows where the women expose their limbs, nothing trifling—I want something edifying!"

I sympathized with John's audible sigh, in spite of the fact that she was funny.



S HE was funny to look at, as she would have been funny to talk to, I am sure. Of course, she was entirely unconscious of it. People who are funny usually are, and it would spoil the fun if they were conscious. Nature never spoils a good joke. That woman may have been lovable and she undoubtedly possessed all the most desirable traditions of her home-town. Still, she was fearful lest John, the husband of her youth and her advancing years, would revert to type and choose the wrong show-wrong to her viewpoint, for him. How he got around the dilemma, I don't know, but I wondered if she'd ever been pretty, and how she had kept John away from shows that were not "edifying." A woman never loses her fear of other women, and she must have had more than her share. She was a funny type for the stage, which is an arena where hearts are not so important as faces and make-up.

We never know how funny we are.

I didn't myself for a long time. I can look back now and realize how funny I must have been in my first longings to go on the stage. Confronted with a problem that was insurmountable, I still hungered for the theatre. At least, it seemed insurmountable, and must be so to many young girls today who are not pretty. was not pretty, and I knew it. I was not tall and willowy and haughty in appearance. I could not look like Cleopatra, no matter what Oriental splendor I might wear. There was nothing fetching about me, no languor would linger in my eyes, no stage hero would risk his life for me, there was no hope of a bartering beauty about me. I used to gather all the most attractive photographs of the leading women on the stage, and stand them up around my mirror, while I studied their faces, and my own reflection. It was terribly discouraging to a stagestruck young woman. No twist of the hair, no trick of paints, no beauty treatment, would alter this disheartening fact.



THESE private hours of confessional with my mirror seemed very tragic at the time, but they were really funny. Knowing little about the theatre and living in a quiet, comfortable Canadian home, my surroundings were anything but theatrical. Alone with my ambitions. I suffered, and was funny without knowing it. It never seemed to me that there was anything worth while in acting but to play the beautiful lady, for which I was not predestined by Nature. I shouldn't have known to this day that some very good acting is done by unbeautiful ladies, except for a conversation I had with an actress. one of the beautiful kind.

She was appearing in one of those plays where virtue and beauty go blithely out together, into a cruel world, and are pursued by the villain. Not a new idea, but a prolific one on the stage. I had seen her, in the course of the play, endure the snares of an insolent villain, and seen her shed languishing tears on the hero's manly shoulder.

"I don't think I should care to play a part like that," I said to her.

"Well," she said, "then why think about it? Perhaps you want to play character parts, funny ones?"

The idea seemed to be entirely new, it had never occurred to me to see myself from any point of view but that of good looks for the stage.

Do we really know how funny we are?

Then I remembered that funny women in real life had always fascinated me, I was always imitating them. Long before this first conversation with a real actress happened, I remember the fascination that an old Irish woman who lived near my home, had for me. She was a disgraceful old thing in appearance, and though she was grumbling and talking most of the time, no one could understand what she said. It gave me the keenest pleasure one day to discover that I could imitate her talk. It was the jumble of a thick brogue and a weeping voice, occasionally lifted to malediction, and enlivened with threatening gestures, which sawed the air.



SHE was a cross between King Lear, the first witch in Macbeth and Richard III, by temperament. Her language might have been Sanscrit, Chinese or Arabic, from all that one could gather in words, but we knew she was Irish from the density of it all. . One day I got myself up to look like her. Having no knowledge of make-up or grease paints then, I was in despair to know how to wrinkle my She had the wrinkles of Methusaleh. Finally, I smeared my face with mud and sketched the wrinkles by drawing lines in it with a stick The discolorations in my skin made it look hard and leathery. Her hair was all flying about, straggly and white, so I tousled mine and covered it with flour. Dressed in the same sort of rags as she wore, leaning heavily on a stick, I went begging at the doors of my neighbors. No one recognized me, and finally I went to the door of my own home and crooned my imitation. I remember my elder brother was visibly impressed.

"It's an outrage!" he said, "that a poor old thing like that should be compelled to beg on the streets! She ought to be taken care of, she ought to be kept in an institution," and he began looking up and down the street for a policeman. What would have happened, I don't know, if my younger brother, in a spirit of wanton mischief, hadn't opened the window above, and drenched me with a basin of water. Even then I would not give in. I hurled incomprehensible maledictions on him, with violent gestures, and I hobbled away and crept into my room, from a rear door of the house, wet to the skin. Those were the days that I was laying in



White

Bertha Kalich, who is continuing her successful tour in "The Riddle— Woman"—a study by the sculptor, Harney



Underwood and Underwood

lames Watts, whose grotesque impersonations of opera singers and Russian dancers adds much to the fun of the "Greenwich Village Follies," is an Australian who played in all the continental cities before coming to this country



(Right) Ed Wynn, one of the funni-

est of our comedians, has been lending his droll comicalities to the "Gaieties of 1919"



O Press Ill.

Eduardo Ferrari-Fontana, the grand operatenor and his bride were too engrossed in the one periodical of the stage to know that the photographer had snapped them

a store of recollections to draw upon later. This I have done with most of my stage characters.

The character of "Coddles" in "A Pair of was an imitation of a funny woman I knew in real life. She was a type belonging to the unsophisticated female one finds doing all the drudgery of a household. Her virgin soul ruthlessly kept intact by the masquerade of a dreadful face which Nature had given her, she was also timid to an abnormal degree. When anyone asked her a question, she was seized with a panic. She would tremble, stammer, and when the question was repeated, she would swallow hard and utter a sort of guttural gasp that meant nothing. She worked incessantly and hard, and intelligently, but she had to keep her mind on her work. The slightest question seemed to challenge her reserve and she became like a loon, floppy and rather foolish. She was funny because she had no sense of humor herself. No one ever laughed at her, but they laughed as soon as she was out of sight. And yet, no one felt sorry for her because she was so capable and independent. Women who are funny off the stage, are usually very serious, useful, fine souls. They are simply funny because they get so little fun out of life themselves.

Another woman I remember, a dear, straightlaced, determined Scotch housekeeper among my neighbors, when I was a girl, was a type I used on the stage, with scarcely any exaggeration. I made up from a photograph of her in front of me, because she was such a completely funny bit of austere, yet innocent humor. Behind her fine old caricature of a face, was the most romantic soul. She was as timid as a convent girl all her life. She was the housekeeper for a very rich, harmless old man, but never, under any circumstances, would she allow herself to be alone in the same room with him. at any time. For no other reason than an exaggerated sense of propriety, and a fear that people might talk. No one who ever saw her, could talk about her, except in the most lovable and endearing terms of respect.

But she was very serious and very proper. All her life she looked out upon the world from the topmost tower-room of her ancestral character, and it was a solemn old world from that vantage of inheritance. Seeing a medal worn by her brother once, she asked me where Jamie had got his "breastpin." Born into the world long since breastpins were worn, she would as soon have appeared in her nightcap, as without her breastpin. Her accent was a Scotch that came direct from Sir Walter Scott's novels, and her ideas of life were about as adventurous and decorous. She must have slipped from short skirts into the flowing garments of a sedate housekeeper, without an interval, and her notions of right and wrong were as classic as the white cameo face she wore in her breastpin.

Why was she funny?

Because we are at that age in the world when our ancestors have lost their influence, when we are impatient with old standards and old ideas. They seem to have had no sense of humor, most of them, and those who had were regarded as a shiftless lot. And yet, how intensely funny we would be to them, if they could see us today—without our breastpins.

We never really know how funny we are, though, and very few managers can tell. It took me a long time before managers looked on me with any impression of humor. I never seemed to be the funny type they expected to walk into their offices already to go on with the part. If the part called for a woman with a red nose, they waited for a woman with a red nose to come in and see them, and as women who are grotesque in appearance do not usually go on the stage at all, I had a hard time convincing them that I might do. But-illusions are the despair of women's lives. It took me thirteen years to convince the manager that I was a woman of illusions. It took me a much shorter time to find out that the beautiful Annabelle who looked far too young for the persecutions heaped upon her by the villain in the play, was very often over forty off the stage, and

looked it.

Some day an obliging playwright will come along and write a play for me in which the leading character will be deaf, and therefore, funny. The usual idea portrayed by actors of a deaf person on the stage is to be yelled at. Now deaf people have a peculiar trick of inhaling when they are listening which helps them to catch a faint sound, and they never appear not to hear. No deaf person ever asks you to repeat your question. Whether he hears it or not, he answers it.

There are women on the other hand who look at life with a shrewdness that undermines every hypocrisy in others, for we are essentially hypocrites, in our vanities, in our griefs, in our jealousies. Such women see the funny side of "Hamlet" as enjoyably as they see the comedy of Charlie Chaplin. They are alert, optimistic sun-birds, who fly right into the face of the sun. When shadow comes upon them, they are alert in the comfort they can give to others because of the smiles they have stored up. They pass them around because they are dynamos of humor, generating laughs. Women of this sort can be plain, they can be poor, they can be rich, or they can be cast in secret dramas in their own lives, but they are the women who make life worth living, off the stage, because they are really funny.

The sense of humor is inherited. It cannot be acquired, and it can never be destroyed.

It is their surviving force, the only weapon they have against the difficult adventures of their lives. Mischievous humor is really a false humor. It has no value excepting to draw the empty laugh, which is never very hearty, and is often tinged with malice. Real humor springs from the heart. That is why the Irish and the Scotch people possess so much of it. Their national sincerity is its source. I think that people who have a sense of humor, are usually very sane, very just, and very independent.

But no one really knows how funny they are, after all.

DO YOU KNOW THAT-

A UGUSTIN DUNCAN, whose portrayal of John Ferguson in the play of that name is the greatest personal triumph of the year, is a brother of the famous dancer, Isadora Duncan?

Gregory Kelly, who played Willie Baxter, the lovesick hero in "Seventeen," is married to Ruth Gordon, the baby-talk girl of the piece?

Mary Ryan, of "Little Teacher" fame, was a member of the Dearborn Stock Company for five years, playing one hundred and thirty-seven parts? In private life she is Mrs. Sam Forrest, wife of the well-known stage director.

May Irwin is an expert fisherwoman, and finds keen excitement in the sport?

Grace Valentine once understudied Irene Fenwick in "The Song of Songs?" Now she is a featured player.

Charlie Chaplin began his career on the stage at the age of seven, doing a clog dance in a London theatre in a play called "Rags to Riches?"

Joseph Urban, who designs the beautiful setting for the "Follies," began as an architect in Vienna?

Alice Brady has a hobby for clothes?

Lou Tellegen, who is supporting his wife, Geraldine Farrar, in the movies, was Bernhardt's leading man for four years?

Tamaki Miura, the diminutive Japanese prima donna, has sung the rôle of Madama Butterfly before King George and Queen Mary?

Sir Henry Irving died in comparative poverty?

Christine Norman, who has been playing with Jane Cowl, was a pupil of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts?

Another "Follies" girl who hopes to achieve fame in the legitimate drama is Lilyan Tashman? This stately beauty is to support Ina Claire in Belasco's production of "The Gold Diggers."

Nan Halperin, a vaudeville favorite, is to star under A. H. Woods' management in "The Girl in the Stage Box?"

Harry Clark of "A Lonely Romeo" and Marie Flynn of "The Velvet Lady" were married recently?

Mary Garden was born in Scotland and raised in Chicago?

Robinson Newbold, the comedian of "The Royal Vagabond," made his professional début with Viola Allen in "The Eternal City?"

Mary Miles Minter achieved considerable success on the legitimate stage as the child in "The Littlest Rebel," a drama of the Civil War, in which William and Dustin Farnum both appeared?' Now all three are stars of the screen.

Ethel Barrymore has three children—Sam, Ethel, 11, and John Drew?

Mrs. Janis is Elsie's inveterate companion?

David Warfield began his theatrical associations as a water boy at the old Bush Street Theatre?

Fay Bainter played child parts for years at the Burbank Theatre in Los Angeles?

Lenore Ulric has been a Hawaiian in "The Bird of Paradise;" an Indian in "The Heart of Wetona"; a half-breed in "Tiger Rose," and now she is to play a Chinese rôle in her next play?

George Broadhurst, as well-known a playwright as he is a manager, was once a bookkeeper on the Chicago Board of Trade? (Below)

INA CLAIRE

Having been a "Follies" star herself, Miss Claire will feel perfectly at home in her new rôle—that of a member of the chorus in Avery Hopwood's comedy-drama "The Golddiggers"





(Above)

MARJORIE RAMBEAU

Admirers of this clever emotional actress will have an opportunity to see her on Broadway this season in a new play called "The Unknown Woman".



THE CHARMING

NEW YORK

RESIDENCE OF

GERALDINE

FARRAR

TELLEGEN

Interiors by Hampton Shops

The deep ivory walls in the hall shade into these to nes in the marble staircase, while the doors are hung in deep ivory silk. French curtains continue the background in effect. Here the furniture of carved valuat is covered in fine old tapestry. The yellow marble Pompeian columns give a note of dignity.

The houdoir end of Mrs. Tellegen's bedroom thous several interesting features. The walls and the furnitare are in antique wory tones, the draperies and the upholicity of the day-bed are in rose brocade of Louis Seize design, while the beautiful Shirvan rug is in delicate shades of cream, rose and old blue. The fire-screen has a gold frame of the Directoire period, with a center of fine old Australia Chandelier and appliques are reproductions of interesting old prieces.



Photos Mattie Edwards Hewitt



REHEARSING A PLAY

The ideas of a successful stage director command respect. Granville Barker in last month's article told how a play should be cast. In this concluding paper he denounces drill-sergeant methods at rehearsal and lays stress on the importance of harmony

By GRANVILLE BARKER



OW should the producer conduct rehearsals to get the best results? Should a company come upon the stage, fresh to their parts, eyes glued to books, marking movements, positions, fitting themselves to an arbitrary mechanism for all the world like figures in a clock-work toy-whatever method is right this surely is ineptitude itself-and the experienced actor, selecting the admirably rounded pegs of his technique (aggrieved a little if the holes in his part are not as uniformly round), the emotional actress prospecting in this wilderness for purple spots of emotion, asking, "What shall I feel like doing here?" while the minor "parts" wait vaguely about and wonder where in every sense of the phrase they do come in!

What wonder that the producer after watching this for a little, with production nearing, grows tyrannical, insists—"This you think, this you feel, that you do!" Some sort of unity he must obtain, and quickly, for to put a play into action upon a stage is to pour it into its mould; after two or three weeks' unchecked rehearsing it will have set unchangeably but for details, without such a mauling being given it as will leave bad marks.

But bring your company to the stage absorbed in the play, in tune with each other, and the results are very different. To begin with, their most instinctive movements will now have meaning. The producer need have decided beforehand only upon the barest skeleton of action and if he can have left all but—say—the backbone of that to grow in his mind and be suggested to theirs during the committee discussions it will be the less arbitrary, the less of a drill, the more a collaboration with the actors themselves. And he can start very soon to play his own present part in the combination, that of ideal audience.



THE very opposite of the drill sergeant in method as in aim. To say that one strives for perfection in art and wishes never to attain it is no paradox, it is only to assert the intimate relation of art to life. To sit while the action of a play grows, goes its own way, not insisting on this or that—for in art, as in life, how many good roads to a given point there are—caring only that the roads are good, testing sympathetically, step by step, that the way is its own; that is in a real sense to "produce."

If the mutual study has been lively, fruitful, has generated, as it should have, the motive power, then the actors need only follow their inclination while the producer works, for a little, patiently, by elimination: "No, that does not quite express it. Try again." His simple rule at this stage will be that, although in the last instance he may veto, say definitely what is not to be done, he may never dictate what is to be.

It will be seen that this implies no finality, no rigid rule of effort, and it is meant not to. Finality in acting is death. A book must be finished with, or a picture, but the moment an actor ceases to vary his part he should stop playing it; he has, in fact, stopped playing it;

repetition is not acting. The producer's problem then is how to shape the play stably but not statically, to give it what will be a living form.

We are indebted, again, to Stanislawsky for a rule-of-thumb solution. "Establish," he says, "a certain number of fixed points, rendezvous for the players, physical or mental, where they may be sure of meeting. Let there be enough of these to ensure that the action never drifts awry. You will need more in scenes of crisis and



Robert Edmond Jones' setting for Granville Barker's production, "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife"

quick movement than in those of exposition and discussion, but always keep them as few as you can for they tend to multiply unawares. Between these points actors must encourage themselves to wander, they must resist habit."



B UT upon this solution one thing depends and another follows. The actors must so far have mastered the technique of their art as to have it unselfconsciously at command. If a man has to think even for the fraction of a second how to express an emotion or an idea he cannot stop to do so during a performance, his attention must be free then to concentrate solely on the idea itself, a doubled effort will be fatal to all appearance of spontaneity. If he is so handicapped, then to make his work seem spontaneous he must, paradoxically, fix beforehand every movement, every gesture.

One needs, therefore, accomplished actors. And it follows that a constant close repetition of performances will force upon actors, however accomplished, a repetition of effects. For two

reasons they cannot stand up against mere iteration. If the part is a trying one the emotional strain will be too great. No man can act Hamlet eight times a week, he can at best repeat it. And with a minor part all one can do is so soon done that to do it over and over without change one must in defence of sanity come to do it automatically. It would drive one mad to think out a new way of shaving oneself every morning, or to a convenient suicide with a final cut. But a repertory theatre (though this is yet a further argument) is the only theatre worthy of the name.

Repetition will even tell adversely upon the quality of the rehearsals. It must be open to the producer to suspend them, or to return to committee. If the study has not done its work, if the company is stiff, at a loss, or at odds, he will be wise to do so in any case.



THIS is by no means a plan guaranteed to work smoothly. The reward of discussion is not always agreement at first or at last, and you cannot have your actors both free and bound. Differences must be even encouraged, to a point. If they are irreconcilable someone must retire; it will usually not be the producer. But he will be wanting in the first attributes of his post if with all this scope of method and time he cannot at a pinch so interpret the actor to himself that they both agree at least with the third party to the dispute, the play. For, though loyalty of co-operation is vital, only a minimum of agreement is necessary. Plays being in themselves contests of character-may benefit by a tactful, regulated diversity of opinion.

All this does not seem very revolutionary. It is not, it is not meant to be. It contains no patent devices, but art does not deal with patents, only with a patient individual adaptation of means to end. The production of a play is one of the simplest of things if one but remembers that the glory of the art of the theatre is that more than any other it works in a human medium, and, therefore, in an incalculable one. A play is, indeed, a microcosm of society. The laws of its being are moral laws, the guiding one that only in the fullest expression of each individual will the whole be expressed and only by mutual thinking in terms of the whole will each one of us find his place and fulfill it.

One has but to think of the play in terms of life, to extract from it, to illustrate by its means all its content of those things that by light or shade give life its value. Never, try for this effect or that, those things will come; but when the meaning of the whole seems clear, when it has achieved, in fact, a life of its own—admit the public and take as little, notice of them as possible. The tribunal of their understanding and enjoyment will be no commercial one either. Quite rightly they will care nothing for cost in money or effort, the right way or wrong way of preparing. They will value the result in tunes of its vitality—all said and done, art's only gift to them.



Maurice Goldberg

AN ALLEGORICAL DANCING STUDY-LIFE AND DEATH

The veiled figure at the foot of the scarred oak hovers about the youthful dancers

JIMMYING MY WAY INTO THE THEATRE

Author of "The Crimson Alibi" gives some valuable pointers as to how successful plays are written

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN



OME men are born playwrights, some achieve play-writing and some have it thrust upon them. Me, I'm at the very bottom of the last named class.

I've met lots of the born ones! They wear long hair and horn-rimmed spectacles and know all there isn't to know about the drama. They remain born all right, but they don't seem to score a very signal success as playwrights: for which let us all be truly thankful.

As to those who achieve playwriting-well, I've met just one in my time. He is of medium height and girth and he wears glasses and eats three times a day and sleeps once; isn't the least bit upstage and doesn't rave about the poor, unknowing public which doesn't appreciate a good thing in the dramatic line. Hewhy he's the chap who thrust playwriting upon me. His name is George Broadhurst and he dramatized my novel "The Crimson Alibi" and produced it at the Broadhurst Theatre July seventeenth where—as is proved by the royalty checks that reach me weekly at my shakedown in Birmingham, Alabama-capacity crowds are parting with good, hard money for the fun of finding out who killed Joshua Quincy.

Anyway, I was talking about George thrusting me into the playwriting game. Of course, I don't call him George when I'm with him. I call him "Yes sir, Mr. Broadhurst!"



YOU see, I never meant to be a playwright. Not on your life I didn't. I had every intention of working for a living at my trade of writing short-stories and novels which fool all of the public some of the time and some of the public none of the time. It wasn't that I didn't want to join the magic circle. . .and, well now when the one hundred percent of my friends who are writing The Great American Drammer come to me and ask me how it's done, I tell 'em that it isn't.

That's the secret; it just isn't done. It does you. If the critics don't like it, it does you good and plenty. And so again to "The Crimson

I wrote the novel and Bob Davis of Munsey's -a friend eternal to struggling and needy letterateurs-bought it first. Then Dodd, Mead and Company printed the book and then Mr. Broadhurst purchased a copy of it. And, believe me, I'm glad he did. Glad a-plenty.

He wired me a contract. I wired it back at him. And the first thing you know I was seated in the fourth row aisle of the Broadhurst Theatre watching the audience puzzle its collective head over the mystery. Listen! that show never fooled me for a minute. I knew all the time who committed the crime.

But this hasn't anything to do with the suc-



OCTAVUS ROY COHEN Author of "The Crimson Alibi"

cess of "The Crimson Alibi." It is, I believe, a primer lesson in playwriting and how she are

A theatrical producer is, ordinarily, a sane man, but, when the chap behind the box-office window begins to smile and the house treasurer smokes gold-banded cigars while counting up the shekels, he begins to look around for more of the same. So, after "The Crimson Alibi"

had pulled in a few capacity audiences, Mr. Broadhurst sought me out. That is, he sent word for me to seek him out. I did it—pronto!

"How about another play?" he inquired. "I haven't one," I retorted quickly-just like that. "Never did have."

"The Crimson Alibi-"

"You wrote that play," said I, "I'm only guilty of the book."

"But I want a play by you," he reiterated.
"Fine," said I. Then I grabbed my new cap and boarded one of those occasional Broadway surface cars—it moves occasionally.

And what do you think? I read that play to him the other day and he didn't murder me. In fact, he says it's a good play and he's going to produce it on Broadway before the melting of the winter snows have choked the gutters and blocked the traffic.

And—as the little song says—that isn't all. Another big producer sent for me and offered me still another contract. I was up in my lines by that time. And that play, too, is going to be produced in New York this winter.



ONE dramatization running to big business at the Broadhurst Theatre, two plays of my own making going on Broadway before Spring . . . and I never did anything in my whole twenty-eight years of life except try to write readable fiction. Why did they have to pick on me? Why didn't they take one of the born playwrights?

Managerial vagary, I reckon. Now when my friends ask me to give them the rules and regulations for writing a successful play, I tell 'em "Don't! Don't write it. Wait until the managers send for you and flash an advance royalty check in your face. Then, when you have been revived with some subcellar special stock (sure! that isn't any secret!) tell them firmly that you won't touch a fingernail to typewriter key without a hundred and ten percent of the weekly gross and permission to kiss the ingenue."

Anyway: if that system isn't a good oneit will work as well as any other I've ever run across. And it's a heap the easiest.

And when I think back on that opening night of "The Crimson Alibi" at the Broadhurs Theatre-

Why it's easy! Perhaps.

PREPOSTEROUS PARTS

Little Eva for Marie Dressler. Hedda Gabler for Mary Pickford. Falstaff for Forbes-Robertson. The Man Without a Country for George M. Cohan.

Hamlet for Thomas Wise. Ophelia for Eva Tanguay. Peter Grimm for Sam Bernard. Brunhilde for Mitzi. Le Misanthrope for Leo Ditrichstein. Melisande for Trixie Friganza. The Good Little Devil for Theda Bara. Thais for Maude Adams. Peter Pan for Geraldine Farrar. Portia for Mollie King. Cleopatra for Mrs. Fiske.

Katherine the Shrew for Edith Wynn

Peg o' My Heart for Maxine Elliot. The Pink Lady for Bertha Kalich. Ole Bill for John Drew. Tyltyl for Al Jolson. Othello for O. P. Heggie. Nora for Lillian Russell.

E. M. F.



Campbell

PEGGY WOOD

In "Buddies," a comedy with music which has met with unusual favor out of town, this sympathetic player has duplicated her success in "Maytime." "Buddies" can also boast of Donald Brian and Wallace Eddinger in the cast



JUANA WARD Whose beauty adds to the general attractiveness of "Listen Lester"



SUE MacMANAMY Who merits much praise for her portrayal of the faithless sweetheart of the young officer supposed to be killed in France in "The Five Million," a comedy recently at the Lyric

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE CURTAIN

Stage director thinks that human actors might be dispensed with

By GEORGE C. JENKS



THERE are only two really effective curtains—a very quick or a very slow one," declared the Old Stage-manager dogmatically.

He had just brought the curtain down with a bang on a "surprise" situation in a crook play, wherein the dashing hero—who looked so noble in his perfectly-fitting evening clothes—had paralyzed a drawing-roomful of people with the sudden confession that he had stolen the missing diamond-ruby necklace, and had produced the priceless article, all a-glitter, from his inside pocket, to prove it. On the instant, while the characters on the stage and the audience out front gasped their astonishment in unison, and before there could be a touch of reaction, down came the curtain.

"That's got 'em!" went on the Old Stage-manager. "They're all up in the air—where we want them to be. And don't overlook the fact that several volts of the shock was thrown into them by my quick curtain. I had my finger on the button, and the curtain man's orders were to shoot her down as fast as she would work at the first tink of the bell. The idea is to give it to them hard and quick, and make 'em dizzy; then shut it all off and leave 'em guessing."

The audience, after a momentary silence, was now applauding furiously. The Old Stage-manager grinned. "Yes, I know. They'd like a second curtain. Well, they don't get it. I'm not going to take the pep out of my tableau by letting them look at it twice. A melodramatic climax like this can't afford to be warmed over. There's nothing more insipid than a second serving of a dish which must be sizzling hot to be good."



BUT the audience was noisily insistent, so he compromised by allowing the principals in the scene to "take a bow" as individuals, quite outside the action of the play. By this time the dramatic significance of the quick curtain had passed, and the smiling ladies and gentlemen who graciously acknowledged the ovation were no longer characters in a gripping stage story, but stood forth merely as professional players, in somewhat of a hurry to get to their dressing-rooms for the next act.

To every stage manager the tempo of the curtain is of importance. Indeed, not long ago one of the most prominent play-producers and stage-directors in New York declared that, given an audience of ordinary American intelligence and imagination, and he would understand with nothing more than a drop-curtain and a few light combinations. He was sure that, by lifting and lowering the curtain at varying speeds, and with an electrician who understood his business to give him promptly certain lights, shadows and color nuances, he would tell a connected and comprehensible story. He could dispense entirely with human actors.

Whether this would be possible or not, certainly the mood of any skillfully directed play is preserved at the end of the act by the manner

in which the curtain falls. Even in bedroomfarce and girly musical reviews, the descent of the curtain is regulated—quick, medium or slow —as the producer decides will be in harmony with the action immediately preceding.

Naturally it is the pathetic or poetic play which usually calls for slow curtains. The best scenes in such an offering would be divested of much of their impressive pathos or idyllic beauty if the "drop" came galloping down as for a melodramatic slam-bang climax.



A "CAMILLE" death scene, the parting of a pair of lovers in a moonlit Arcadia, or an old, white-haired man brooding alone in the red glow from an open fireplace—any of these must have a curtain descending so slowly that the picture appears almost to dissolve into nothingness, rather than to be sharply cut off from view by a material fabric of painted canvas or heavy draperies. A slow curtain, artistically controlled, may seem actually to sob—if one has the right kind of imagination.

Curtain histrionics go further than this, however. They are not confined merely to the adroit disclosure and hiding of stage tableaux. Consider the uninflammable outside curtain ordained by the Fire Department. What could be more dramatic than the sudden, smooth and noiseless rising of the asbestos with the first notes of the overture? It is the first thrill one gets at the theatre. The ghostly movement of the safety curtain rolling up in front of the "drop," as the music director raises his baton to swing his men into the opening crash of harmony, releases on the instant the proper atmosphere of mystery and detachment from the work-a-day world outside and brings the audience en rapport with the illusion of the stage even before the play begins.

The curtain often has a direct bearing on the size of actors' salaries, particularly in vaude-ville. When, at the end of a dramatic sketch, the curtain is hectically raised and lowered five, six, seven times, there is a distinct commercial purpose in the manoeuvre. The "act" will demand a salary high in proportion to the number of curtains it has achieved, assuming for business purposes, that it was the audience which demanded the many liftings of the curtain at the climax, being so carried away by the merit of the performance that it simply would not be satisfied until it had viewed the closing scene more than half a dozen times.



USUALLY this is what vaudeville people themselves style "bunk," for the curtain only just touches the floor each time when it is drawn up again. But, with the orchestra playing frantically fortissimo and the curtain in convulsions, who shall say that the "act" is not the tremendous, unparalleled success the advertisements claim for it next day? "Seven curtains!" What stronger proof could there be?

Of course, considering how important a part is played by the curtain in theatrical entertain-

ment, illusion and finance, there could not fail to be many traditions and superstitions connected with what old actors often called the For instance, it is unlucky to peep through the hole in the curtain to count the people coming into the auditorium, and still worse is it to stand at the side and look out. Very rarely will a seasoned actor do this. To discourage the latter-named breach of curtain etiquette, in some theatres the wire rope which runs down the side of the curtain to sustain the weight at the bottom is charged with electricity. In peeping out it is the natural tendency of the peeper to grasp this wire with one or both hands. One experience is enough, as a rule. When the inquisitive one has been knocked backward by a fairly vigorous electric shock, he is not inclined to go back for a second.

Another thing one must not do-unless he happens to be a stage manager, star or author -is to stand with one's back to the curtain, surveying the stage, in an entr'acte. That spot in the middle of the curtain, is as sacred as the quarter-deck or bridge on an ocean liner. Only a high officer may plant himself there. Also, it is not advisable to stand under the curtain when it is drawn up. It may come down in a hurry. This is more likely to happen in the daytime. Many an old actor can tell of a headache from this cause at a rehearsal, when he disregarded, or did not hear the gruff warning from a stage hand to "Look out there, bo!" The curtain is not without a sense of humor, too. One of the oldest professional jests is to send a green hand to the box-office to ask the treasurer or house-manager for "the key of the curtain."



M ANY old playgoers insist that the significance of the curtain—as the dividing line between this prosaic, every-day world, and the region of fancy which lends atmosphere to every play—is largely lost through the modern theatrecustom of assaulting the vision with a garish painted act-drop at which one is compelled to stare as the beginning of the evening's entertain—

Too often the subject chosen by the artist on the curtain is violently at variance with that of the play to be presented, and instead of the auditor being projected at its rise smoothly and dramatically into the *milieu* of the stage story, there is the recollection of that incongruous curtain picture to be dispelled first of all. In older days, in what we now call the Victorian period, the only curtain used at the beginning and end of the performance was the dignified green baize.

Going into a theatre before the lights were full up, one beheld, framed in by the proscenium, a vast square of black space, seemingly in endless perspective. There was mystery—thrillingly delightful mystery—to begin with.

Whatever kind of curtain is used, however, let it be remembered that, when it is down, it is symbolical of the theatre's ownership. The stage manager does not speak of it as "the curtain." It is "Mr. Frohman's curtain," or "Mr. Shubert's" or "Mr. Belasco's curtain."



From a charcoal sketch by Hamilton King

LILLIAN KEMBLE COOPER

THIS English beauty of the famous Kemble family, is a daughter of the late Frank Kemble Cooper who supported Henry Irving for years, and a sister of Violet Cooper, leading lady for William Gillette in "Dear Brutus." Her first venture in musical comedy will be in the prima donna rôle of "Hitchy-Koo 1919." Previously she was seen in "Peg o' My Heart" and "The Unchastened Woman." She also played the leading rôle in "Lady Eilecn"

ANOTHER SURPRISE FOR BROADWAY

Allan Dinehart, ex-vaudeville artist, makes emphatic hit in a labor problem play

By ADA PATTERSON



ROADWAY, the street of many surprises, has tendered another surprise. public has cordially accepted it.

But this last surprise was a two hundred per cent. one. Not only was the street amazed but the cause of it was lost in amazement.. Which statements are called forth by the loudly acclaimed arrival of Allan Dinehart in what was not intended to be but what became, the leading rôle in the labor problem play, "The Challenge." Accidents happen in the best regulated companies. Holbrook Blinn was the star. He impersonated a rich man, to the manner-born, who sincerely desired to use his wealth and influence for the benefit of mankind. An excellent actor, he played the rôle with superb authority and undoubted conviction. But a slim, pale youth with long features and pensive expression, who showed us the workings of a radical's soul, won and held the sympathy of the audience and caused the critics to proclaim next morning that a new and powerful actor had taken his place in the high power multitudinous glow of Broadway.



THE young actor who lors were the follow and renounced his love of a girl to follow THE young actor who forswore his ambitions what he deemed a sacred cause was Allan Dinehart. I have said that his instant success was a two hundred per cent. surprise. One hundred of that was the surprise felt by Broadway, the other by the young actor himself.

"I always thought I was a comedian," he said while the daze of the sudden and unqualified recognition still enveloped him.
"You are," I rejoined, "a comedian plus."

Those who saw Martin Browne's play of character, "A Very Good Young Man," last season, cannot but recall a curiously droll character in that unusual assemblage of types. It was a singing waiter. While waiting he sang. He danced up to an astounded patron and, warbling, deposited a perilously tilted dish upon the table. Singing, he paid court to a girl in the café. He seemed to have lost the art of ordinarily ordered speech, but gained that of translating the terms of everyday life into song. He was irresistibly, fascinatingly comic.

Yet one year later we see him playing a young radical leader of the people in the spirit of one who has been anointed for a holy work. We see him a blind soldier, grateful for his sight and aflame with the zeal of one who would help his fellow-man. He is a modern crusader.

"There are times when I feel that he is the Christ spirit walking the earth," said Mr. Dinehart. "I am glad that I do. If I didn't I wouldn't be able to make the audience feel it. Restless persons would lose patience with his ideals and call him a young fool."



I N two respects the first new luminary to rise in the firmament of the season of 1919-20 suggested Maude Adams. First in his modesty which is of the same kind and degree as hers. Second in his inability to analyze and catalogue his methods.

"One cannot sincerely analyze acting," he said. They were echoes of the words I had heard from Maude Adams after she played Juliet. "Acting is the most elusive of the arts." Her words to a syllable!

"Technicians of the drama come up here and talk to me," the tall, pale youth went on, "and they ask me why I do this or that. I don't know. They say: 'Why did you look up at that moment?' I answer that I don't know except that I felt like looking up."

There's a deep sense of reverence in him. That was well to the foreground in the dressingroom glimpse I had of him in the sumptuous Selwyn Theatre that Jane Cowl opened last season and the Actors' Equity Association closed



ALLAN DINEHART The young radical in "The Challenge"

in the days of the Great Strike. He told me that he had spent eight years in a Jesuit school. His family had intended that he should become a priest. He himself was willing to adopt the robe and surplice.

"It was a fine thing for a boy between seven and fifteen to be surrounded by good men and women," said he. "The school was at Lake City in Minnesota. The nuns used to come over to visit us from the convent in St. Paul.'

He visualized for me the large square building, the cemetery at the side of the monastery, the circle of a cinder path that curved about the city

"We were not allowed to go into the cemetery but we used the cinder path for a bicycle track.'

But at fifteen he veered from the priesthood to the army, from the offertory to the reveille, from vespers to taps. He entered the Shattuck Military Academy at Fairbault, Minn. From that he passed into Daniel Bandmann's Shakespearean repertoire company. He served well the hard mistress, stock company training. Once he yielded to despondency and abandoned the stage. Mindful of his old yearnings while he was an acolyte in Minnesota, he became the private secretary for a priest of high rank who was writing a volume of church history.

But heredity, the strongest force in our lives drew him from the arms of environment. His father, the first Allan Dinehart, was manager of the old Casino. That was before the next of the Allan Dineharts was able to toddle, ye in the little lad the law of hereditary gravity had its way. The young man went back to the stage because he couldn't stay off it.

This time he chose vaudeville. He believed it offered greater freedom of expression. He became famous in that side-world of the theatre for the uniqueness of the sketches he presented and the comedy he injected into them by his acting.



PRESENTLY came reconnoitering, one of those managers who looks to vaudeville as a perennial source of supply. "We have to tone 'em down a bit, but they know how to grip ar audience," was the reason given by one of these arbiters of actorial fates. If the managers even revise the doxology the new version will begin with "Praise vaudeville from which good actors

Discovered in his sketch, "The Meanest Mar in the World," Allan Dinehart was persuaded to join the cast of "A Very Good Young Man." Reluctantly did he yield to persuasion, for the vaudevillians are a contented folk and thrifty and the land of the legitimate teems with the unexpected, often the unpleasant unexpected. He played the singing waiter to whom I have alluded. He was transferred to "The Gipsy Trail," in which he played the unsuccessful suitor, a wistful young millionaire, lucky in his possessions but unlucky in love. This season behold him as the spiritual young hero of "The Challenge."

The name that stands for the finest performance of the new season is his own. It has come to him from Holland by way of Mohawk County New York. There one the prettiest who bore the name, the blue-eyed daughter of a gardener, wedded Henry Astor. Because of the marriage he became the Lost Astor. His family forgot him, save to dole to him the proceeds of a goodly trust fund. Last year the aged here of romance died on his upstate farm and the former Jennie Dinehart became the wealthiest widow in the county.



THERE is an Allan Dinehart III. I have his proud young father's word that he is the finest youngster in Floral Park, Long Island. A seventeen months he has begun to manifes dramatic inclinations. His father says he won stand in the boy's way, provided he follow the standard of truth and practices sincerity of

"If he doesn't he'd better be anything else than an actor," is the parental ultimatum.



FAIRBANKS TWINS

Who have danced and pranced their way through many Follies, and now display their customary zest in the "Follies of 1919"

MA BELLE

Pirouetting her way into popularity in "Oh, What a Girl," the musical piece at the Shubert

(Right)

UNA FLEMING
This graceful daughter of
Terpsichore was so pleasing in "The Velvet Lady"
that Broadway is to see her
again shortly in a new play



Beldier

"THE HONEST-TO-GOODNESS TRUTH ABOUT ME"

What is in an actress' heart while mimicking emotions on the stage

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE



HE sat in her dressing-room in the theatre. The air was redolent with the odor of face powder, perfume and grease paint. There was a sound of clapping of many hands in the distance; the audience was still calling her for she was the favorite, the Big Hit of all the many favorites and Big Hits on the stage in the season just drawing to a close, as she had been for previous seasons.

She dismissed her maid. "You can go," she said. "I can get into my street clothes by myself. Take those bouquets with you; also those boxes of candy if your kiddies want them; I don't want to take anything home with me tonight that reminds me of my stage career."

When the door had closed on the maid, she turned to me. "So you want a story? All right, I'll give you one if you don't mention my name. I will tell you, for the first time in my life, the honest-to-goodness truth about me.

"The honest-to-goodness truth about me!" she laughed. "No one will believe it. Why even my manager, if you took the story to him with my name signed to it, would say it was not so; that I had filled you up with that dope out of pure devilment, or mischief, or just because I am bored to death. But I am telling you," and she turned from the task of cold-creaming the grease paint off her face, "the truth! I am telling it for the first time since I became a stage favorite because I am sick of deception. I am telling you something no one knows but my husband.



OH, you didn't know I had one, did you? No one knows it. They think, from San Francisco to New York, for I have played in all the big cities in the past six years, that I am unmarried, and the stories press agents have put out about me have made me smile. I have been accused of love affairs with every manager I ever had. I have given out yards of interviews of being wedded to my art; every few weeks the story starts around that I am seen much in the company these days with this or that millionaire, and some space writers have even set a wedding day. And all this time I have a husband hidden away in the mountains of Tennessee, and three children! And the oldest is eleven, and the youngest four."

She laughed. I believed her. She was a great actress, I knew, so great an actress that perhaps she might even play a part in talking to one who had humbly come to her for a story, but she was not playing a part now. A woman doesn't play a part when in the mood in which I had happened to find her.

"Why am I telling the truth now? Because I am homesick! I have saved enough money to keep me in luxury all my days, and educate my children. I am happy with them and with my husband. We have never had a disagreement. I know what living really is when down in Tennessee in that near-inaccessible home in the mountains.

"'There is a litter of new puppies,' my husband writes me, and my oldest, a girl, has named them for the characters in which I have played in recent years. That doesn't interest the world, but I have such a vivid picture of Tom going down to the barn, with the three children hanging on to him, and poor Suzette, lifting pain-wearied eyes to them and trying to wag a tail in her pride of her offspring, that I feel as if I must just chuck all this and go down and join

"Alan, my second, drew a picture of his pony that made me shed real tears in a scene I played a few minutes ago. I wasn't crying because of my wrongs on the stage; I was crying because of the wrong that was done me in making two of me. For there are two of me, God knows, and one of the two longs to be down there going on horseback rides with Alan, and the other one is afraid that if I give up my career the lure of the stage will call me and make me unhappy.



WONDER if every woman whose life is cast in public places like mine suffers with this dual identity. I go to dinners and parties with prominent men and women, and I give dinners and parties; it is part of the game. I am complimented wherever I turn, and the compliments taste good to me. I would be a hypocrite if I denied it.

"I love the applause. It is the breath of my life. I return to the stage, again and again, and when I am bowing before that adoring audience I am the happiest woman on earth. Then I come in here. It is all over. I am no longer a famous actress. I am just a very lonely homesick woman. Just a mother longing to engage in such homely tasks as wiping a dirty face, or bandaging a bruised finger.

"I decide to call in the manager, and tell him about my husband and three children. Perhaps also about the pony and the puppies. I ask the maid to go for him. Before she has reached the door I call her back.

"He would not understand. He would be shocked. He would tell me that I would lose my drawing power as an actress if I told the world about that husband and three children in the mountains of Tennessee. I, who have had so much publicity because I have refused so many offers of marriage! I, around whom there has always been the glamour of innumerable stories of disappointed love! Why, he would tell me if I sprang that husband and children onto the public, it would lose interest in me and I might as well die and be buried at once.



S O I decide not to tell him. I can't endure the thought that the public would forget me. Perhaps the time might come, I think, when even new puppies might pall on me; when Tom's talk of a sick horse and a calf that must be weaned would bore me. And the children! I have heard mothers who are with their children all the time say there is no task on earth so nerve-racking, or so wearing. They look it, poor things. If there is a celestial joy in having children around one all the time, it doesn't shine in their countenances. Perhaps, I, too, might wish to get away 'occasionally, might long to get back to the stage with that wonderful fascination of the interested faces on the other side.

"So the two of me wrangle, and tear me to pieces, and wear me out. And I see a fresh imprint of the crow's foot on my chin, and I call my maid, and we begin a fight to remove it, and she tells me 'Madame thinks too much about her work,' and Madame isn't thinking about her work at all. Madame is just wondering how the fight between these two of her will end. She is just standing to one side watching the two of her fight, all day, and all night. Always a fight: Is it best for her to stay on the stage where nothing really matters for long, or best for her to go to her Tennessee home, and play her part as a wife and a mother?

"Tom says my place is with him. I think that is selfish of him. But if he said my place was on the stage I'd think he didn't care for me, and was happier because we are living apart. Don't you see that in this way he also becomes a part of the indecision that is wearing me out. Oh, I know I don't look it. I am too jealous of my appearance to let this worry appear in my face.

But, say, if you ever have a chance to talk to a beginner, tell her to take one of two roads. Either give up the stage, or give up marrying. There is no combining the two. Perhaps if I had told in the beginning about Tom and the babies it might be easier, but I hid them out of sight, and now they have to remain in hiding till I turn my back on all this and join them.



THIS is the honest-to-goodness truth about me. No one will believe it if you give my name, so don't give it. Why, we are so afraid of the truth getting out that my husband never dares to call me 'wife' in any letter he ever wrote me. But some day-I don't know whensome day, I will get the greatest publicity I ever had by telling the world what I have told you in confidence to-day.

"Good-bye! Say, wasn't that a funny idea naming the puppies after characters I have taken? We have an old sheep down there who is named for my manager."

I had opened the door to leave when-"Come back," she called; "close the door, and

please lock it."

I turned the key and returned to my seat. She put her hand down her bodice and pulled out a key that had been suspended around her neck by a tiny gold chain. Unlocking a drawer in her dresser, she put her hand to its remotest depths, and drew out a small pasteboard box.

"Look," she said, disclosing pictures of children, a man with a child in each arm, with the children dancing gaily in front; there was a tiny bird's nest with a robin's egg in it,

Suddenly she put her head down on the dresser in front of her and burst into tears. Her shoulders shook with sobs.

"If there were only one of us," she wailed. "If I could be only the actress, that might be happiness; or if I could be only the wife and mother, that would be heaven itself."



HICAGO will have it. It is bound to come. Some day—some one of a hundred sporadic groups of players will achieve its municipal theatre. Every year seeds are sown, every year some group reaps them—and fades away—but the soil is being nourished for the perennial which must come. And when it does it must endure as hardily as those others for which Chicago is known, its Symphony Orchestra and Art Institute.

The ARTS CLUB of Chicago, at 610 South Michigan Avenue, cleared a space for the dramatic seed this last season and reaped an unexpected success; with a membership including the most progressive citizens, art patrons, artists, musicians, writers, players; with exhibitions of conservative painting to the most modern radicalism; with Sunday evening salons under the chairmanship of Mrs. Erich Gerstenberg and musical programs arranged by such eminent men as Frederick Stock, director of the Symphony Orchestra, and John Alden Carpenter, one of America's foremost com-

posers; with its long galleries and high ceilings and color combinations due to the fascinating originality of Mrs. John Alden Carpenter's choice, yellows, blacks, greys, blues, salmon, jade and fawn—the ARTS CLUB was the logical foster-mother for another debutante theatre.

MISS Alice Gerstenberg, novelist and playwright, was appointed chairman of the Drama Committee which is composed of Mrs. Arthur Aldis, who has been experimenting for years in her own little playhouse in Lake Forest; Mrs. Lyman A. Walton, but recently president of the Drama League of Chicago; Mrs. John Alden Carpenter, president of the Club; Miss Katherine Dudley, painter; Arthur Heun, architect; Theodore B. Hinckley, editor of the Drama Quarterly magazine and identified with the Chicago University; and Frederic M. Grant, one of Chicago's youngest painters, and winner of

The Drama Committee started simply, with a portable stage a set of screens designed by Theodore B. Hinckley—s o me second-hand bunch lights which had travelled from the Little

Theatre to the Players' Workshop, from there to the Playshop and on as a legacy from predecessors to the dauntless Arts Club. A blue curtain—and enthusiasm.

THE first production of three one-act plays lightly chosen to win the confidence of the audience away from memories of sepulchral performances usually identified with the "uplift" in the drama, established the Drama Committee at once as an Organization conscious of the fact that Shakespeare wrote for his public and Michael Angelo painted for his, and that there is a pathway for the drama between the valleys of commercialism and the mountain peaks of abstract intellectuality. The Drama Committee has been careful to please its audiences-it frankly admits watching its audiences to see in what direction favor blows. It will from time to time, do as it pleases, regardless, but it prefers to coax rather than command, feeling that by so doing it is creating a subtle feeling of harmony on both sides of the curtain, THE ARTS CLUB

OF CHICAGO

HOW THE DRAMA COMMITTEE PRO-DUCED AN INTERESTING SERIES OF PLAYS, STARTING WITH LITTLE ELSE THAN A SET OF SCREENS, A BLUE CURTAIN AND ENTHUSIASMI



The dainty white and gold setting for "Barbara" is the reverse side of the screen in "The Game of Chess." The angle of screens is the direct opposite of the placing in "The Game of Chess," one showing the convex and the other the concave

the two elements progressing together like a well-matched team.

TO encourage the audience into friendly participation and responsiveness, Miss Gerstenberg asked the artist membership to autograph the programs with a dash of paint or a line or two of crayon. The result was astounding! The artists responded enthusiastically, lavishing the programs with paint and pencil. Probably no theatre, great or small, in the world has ever given to its audience programs decorated by the most successful artists in the city. There were programs with exquisite miniatures by Anna Lynch; fascinating fantasies by Frederic M. Grant; cartoons by John T. McCutcheon; colorful parrots by Gerald A. Frank; flowers by Magda Heuermann; entrancing landscapes by Marie Blanke,; portraits by Harriet Blackstone and Cecil Clarke Davis, and other beautiful scenes by Charles A. Herbert, Carl Werntz, Enoch Vognild, Joseph P. Birren, Beatrice Levy. Edna Sterchi, Flora S. Schoenfeld, Mrs. Heran

Field, Theresa Ann Garrett, Anita Willets Burnham, Dorothy Virginia Anderson, Anna Stacey, Mary Brener, E. T. Holsman, William Meade Prince, Ethel Coe, A. Sterbe, Mary Aldis, Lucy Hartrath, Nancy Cox-McCormack.

The stage settings were charmingly done by Mrs. John Alden Carpenter, Katherine Dudley and Theodore B. Hinckley. The players were coached by Lionel Belmore who fell into the spirit of the venture and donated his services while he was playing in the "Masquerader."

THE Drama Committee drew its players from among the most talented amateurs in the city—some of whom have had enough experience to be called professionals—and the whole level of acting was unusually good.

The players were: Lina Owsley Bartlett, Mary Hastings Bradley, Karen Stevenson, Lucy Linn, Helen Walton, Anina Nitze, Rue Carpenter, Grace Hickox, Nancy Cox-McCormack, Paul Bartlett, William Zeigler Nourse, George Wolff, Arthur Bissell, Francis R. Abbott, Theodore B.

Hinckley, Vandervoort Sloan, Percy N. Boynton, John D. Black, Clarence Hough, Henry O. Milliken, Leroy T. Goble, Charles T. Atkinson, Macpherson Holt, John Koehl, Harold Moulton, Murry Nelson, Thatcher Nelson, Eugene Stinson.

The most ambitious production was that of the two one-act plays by Jacinto Benevente, "No Smoking" and "His Widow's Husband," given in April but the most important production was the last one of the season, given in May, an "In Memoriam" program of three one-act plays by the late Kenneth Sawyer Goodman, who had died in service.

Mr. Goodman was a young Chicago playwright of achievement and much more promise and in presenting three of his one-act plays, the Drama Committee felt it held a unique position in the city to be able to give the Arts Club's tribute to a native writer.

Mr. Wallace Rice delivered a brief and heautiful appreciation of the career, poetic and dramatic, of his late friend and collaborator, and pointed out how his earliest work in verse showed a marked tendency to dramatic narrative, as in "The Liar" which

was in itself the seed of a complete play, modern, original, and subtle, as follows:

"She has the subtle art of telling lies
By being truthful in the sort of way
One disbelieves. She told me yesterday
Nothing but truth. Good God how I despise
This double lying in the heart of youth

This thoughtful reckoning to win the score-Despise her and myself—myself the more For being doubly duped—with truth!"

The first of the plays was one originally produced by Iden Payne, "The Game of Chess," in which Mr. Charles T. Atkinson, one of the best of Chicago's amateur actors, distinguished himself as the Russian Governor-general Alexis Alexandrovitch, with Mr. Henry Oothout Milliken playing an inspired Boris Ivanovitch Shamraysff, the anarchist and would-be assassin. Mr. Arthur Bissell took the part of Constantine admirably, and Mr. Macpherson Holt was a most impressive footman. The finesse and tragic significance of Russian life under the old regime gave the play (Concluded on Page 272)



Remarkable scene in Washington's Community Pageant, when the white clad figure of "Peace" appeared on the steps of the Capitol, releasing the dove of peace, with one hundred peace heralds grouped on either side in robes of delicate rose

WASHINGTON'S COMMUNITY PAGEANT

SPLENDID SPECTACLE, REPRESENTATIVE OF A NATION-WIDE MOVEMENT

By MARGARET CANDLER



ANCY if you can, the Washington that in the summer of 1918 was tense with war strain coming forth this year for a midsummer gala day, with busy women war workers, old Washington residents, and all the foreign embassies taking part! Picture a big Community Pageant and parade, the greatest ever held in the country-a Community Pageant with a national and an international signifi-

cance; for every State in the union was represented, and so was every friendly nation in the world, while in the reviewing stand were all of diplomatic and political, and much of social Washington!

Such was the International Festival of Peace held on the Fourth of July. Never since the days of ancient Greece had the dignified and lovely architecture of a dignified and lovely city been utilized for so picturesque and wonderinspiring a purpose. Never since the days of the medieval trade guilds and miracle plays have the various elements and interests of the community been so united in the production of a series of spectacles.

HOW the people were brought together for the occasion, how the dancing, the dramatic

talent, the music, and even the handdyed costumes were products of local talent must be told by going back to September of last year and to the beginning of the Washington School of Recreation, for the story of the pageant must also be a story of the growth of community drama in that city. The school was started by War Camp Community Service at the instigation of the Department of Labor, primarily as a leisure-time activity for war and government workers, but for anyone beside who cared to come. The pageant might be termed the school's com-

mencement. It was written and produced by Mrs. Moore Forrest, the school's director, with the aid of her assistants and pupils, and with the co-operation of Vice-President Marshall, Secretary Lane, and others, and of members of every embassy in Washington.

THE school, which started with one assistant to Mrs. Forrest, now has five staff directors and eight directors who work with groups throughout the city. These are all people like Mrs. Forrest herself, with good dramatic background and all contribute their services gratis through a belief in the future of the Community Drama and its artistic and sociological possibilities in the community. Which is how it happened that a great series of pageants could be staged simultaneously in front of eight of Washington's most beautiful buildings as was the first section of the Festival, "The Call to World Service."

PROMPTLY at five o'clock on the east front of the Red Cross building, the "Bugle Calls of Peace" blew, silencing the waiting throngs. "The Call to World Service" began. Simultaneously on the south side of the White House



sounded the "Call of Labor"; in front of the D. A. R. building, the "Call of Liberty"; at the Pan-American Building, the "Call of Commerce, Business, and the Professions"; on the White Lot, the "Call of the Children"; on the south front of the State, War and Navy Building, the "Call of Art"; on the agricultural grounds, the "Call to Labor"; and at the National Museum, the "Offering of Peace."

THE "Call of Art," directed by Mrs. Glenna Smith Tinnin, director in charge of rhythmic dancing, pictured by the Rhythmic Players' Club (a group of one hundred young women) had as its theme, "The Beauty of the World in Which Lies the Ultimate Redemption of Mankind." "On the highest level of the steps Drama, representing all art in one, was seated; the presiding genius of the whole picture. The symbolic figures of Tragedy and Comedy were her attendants. Below her, on either side, were groups representing the Graphic Arts-to her right, Architecture, to her left, Painting. In the center of the picture, in classic frieze design, a group of choral singers and lyric players symbolized Music. Below Music a statue group represented Sculpture, (Concluded on page 274)



From a portrait by Edward Thayer Monroe

CHARMING, sympathetic, and appealing, this youthful star of the Realart Films will be seen shortly as the wistful heroine "Anne of Green Gables," from the well-known book of the same name

IS THE CHARLIE CHAPLIN VOGUE PASSING?

The Most Case-Hardened Chaplin Fan Can Hardly Deny That This Popular Slap-Stick Comedian's Appeal Is Extremely Unintellectual and Caters Only to the Lowest Human Instincts



S Chaplin a great artist in his peculiar line, or is he merely a phenomenally successful comedian? Much water has flowed under the bridges since the earliest Keystone releases, featuring the then unknown fun-maker, burst upon a delighted public; and the rapid rise into amazing prominence of the grotesque little man with big feet had about it all the earmarks of wonder. From 1913 to 1919 is but a space of years to the ordinary man. To Chaplin it meant literally fame and fortune. It meant emerging from a mediocre obscurity to the full flame of universal notoriety. It meant the Chaplin Vogue.

A COUPLE of years ago it would have been deemed treasonable to cast the smallest of critical stones at Chaplin. He was the biggest thing in laughs in the whole of America. Undeniably, he was IT. The children in their millions acclaimed him, and if you've got them for your public, you're safe. With a practical astuteness which is characteristic, Chaplin recognized this; he played for and at the kiddies. And the result went into round figures. . . .

BUT today is not a couple of years ago—and a review of Chaplin's last release, "Sunnyside," fills the analytical mind with grim foreboding. It wasn't a success, to put it bluntly. And, honestly, when you consider all the Chaplin films in the order of their manufacture, can you truthfully call them great art? Even if you allow that "A Dog's Life" was funny-which many people deny-and even if you affirm that "Shoulder Arms" was not an uncouth reflection on army life but a clever satire, you must admit that these two films were, in essence, but a rehash of the earlier "Carmen," just as "Carmen" was a recooking of "Behind the Screen," and so on and

IN other words, I contend that the extraordinary Chaplin vogue is based upon the simple law of repetition—that each film contains precisely the same elements—that the appeal of every Chaplin picture is to the lowest human instincts-and that, in the natural course of events, the Chaplin vogue in five years will be a thing of remote antiquity.

THIS may seem to many, a statement of the wildest. It isn't. It's a perfectly fair and logical conclusion, reached after years devoted to studying the Chaplin phenomenon. I don't mean that it has taken me years to come to these conclusions; that would be underrating my own intelligence; but I do mean that, in ample justice to Mr. Chaplin, I have deliberately withheld the writing of this article during a period long enough for Mr. Chaplin to prove the stuff he's made of. And, to my thinking, his last six pictures not only prove my case—they shout it.

A ND now, having cleared the deck with apologetics, let's to the hamstringing process. Every Chaplin picture, without exception, is constructed upon the psychological principle that pain is diverting -that you'll laugh at the concept of someone else suffering injury. And you do. When one of the bewhiskered artistes in a Chaplin exhibition picks up a pitchfork and delicately impales another member of the cast through the seat of his trousers—the packed mass in front of the screen chortles and screams and shricks-and the

exchange manager wires the returns to the head office. Upon this basis the whole Chaplin claim to fame rests. It is the undying principle behind all burlesque; it is the oldest form of comedy and it traces its way through civilization from the Greek era to the day of Harold Lloyd. Historically speaking, slap-stick is as old as tragedy.

BUT slap-stick in the hands of a clever, brainy comedian is endurable; handled by a man who is uninventive, unoriginal, frankly unamusing, it becomes unspeakably tedious. The Chaplin era has produced a dozen imitators, some of them horribly boresome, some of them openly objectionable, a few of them decidedly clever. And they are clever simply because they don't insult their public by offering them the same old situations, the same old bits of "business," the same old contortions. Now, if I assert that Chaplin hasn't progressed artistically since his first successes, I consider I'm putting it kindly.

THE most case-hardened Chaplin admirer can hardly deny that the appeal contained in the Chaplin films is an extremely unintellectual one-that it's an appeal, as I said above, to the lowest human instincts. Now this may not matter in the least to Mr. Chaplin or to his multitude of managers; it may not concern the vast public a jot, but to those serious-minded people who see something in the movies besides slap-stick, this will immediately suggest itself. That the indubitable artistic and mechanical improvement of the motion picture has been in spite of the Chaplin school of slap-stick film, and not because of it. I'm not one of the highbrow cranks; and I'm normal enough to admit the need of plenty of comedy and to want it myself. But I want that comedy to be good, and when I say that, I'm the mouthpiece of thousands of other men who feel just the same way about it.

A ND now I want to answer the question I asked at the top of this article: Is Chaplin a great artist or—isn't he? Well, what's the little thing that makes one actor an Edwin Booth and another actor a nonentity? What's the difference between a John Barrymore and an unknown ham? The answer is brains. Barrymore mixes his colors with brains, consequently he's a great comedian. Chaplin, happening by the drift of circumstance, to make a lucky strike in a low comedy characterization, has repeated that particular rôle in every public appearance. And that's one reason why he isn't a great artist.

CAN'T imagine Mr. Barrymore "getting a laugh" by mishandling a custard pie, or by certain indelicacies with his trousers, nor can I imagine Mr. Chaplin giving us an original comedy conception. I don't hold any brief for either of them; but I know whose films will be preserved in years to come. And I strenuously object to incompetent persons styling Charles Chaplin a great artist, when he's nothing of the sort. Let us be unsentimental and reasonable. The funny walk, the acute gestures, the petite moustache, the grotesque shoes, the sporadic vulgarities—they've all given us a deal of unaffected pleasure in the past; they were quite all right in the days when people went into a movie to kill time-but can't we look for something better and funnier in the future?

HARCOURT FARMER





DOROTHY DALTON

A Paramount-Arteraft star whose statuesque beauty has made her popular in the films. Her latest picture is "L'Apache"

FLASHES from the CAMERA

N "Everybody's Sweetheart,"
Elsie Janis' first Selznick production, a complete circus was engaged to get the proper realism, and everything from tanbark and lemonade to clowns and acrobats were on hand for the benefit of the

camera. Miss Janis, herself, takes an active part in the circus scene, and through her daring, some of the most thrilling scenes ever recorded on film were successfully taken.

THE first picture made in Europe by an American director with an American star is "Twelve-Ten." The directon was Herbert Brenon and Marie Doro was the star. It is in six reels with the scenes taken in England and Paris, France, and is a September release.

MONROE SALISBURY, the Universal star, once met Leopold Godowsky at a reception and astounded the famous pianist by telling him that a piano had once been the means of saving his life.

"How was that?" asked the musician.

"When I was a small boy,' said Salisbury,

Gossip of the Studios. News of the Film Stars. Who's Who in the Movies. The Latest in Pictures.

"we lived in a Mississippi River town. There was a flood that carried away our house, My father floated off down-stream on a door and I accompanied him on the piano."

FL. GRANT WATSON'S novel, "Where Bonds Are Loosed" has been picturized. The tropical scenes of this picture were made on an island belonging to the Dry Tortugas group which lie off the coast of Florida. It will be released by the World Film this winter.

I T'S a great life if you don't weaken," say the stars at the Famous Players-Lasky studios. And one of the ways of not weakening is to exercise. Wherefore, Marguerite Clark likes to catch a baseball with Friend Husband; Billie Burke likes to ride horseback; Ethel Clayton swims; Dorothy Dalton canoes, and Dorothy

Gish fishes. Miss Gish insists this is splendid exercise—"for the fish."

CARL LAEMMLE, president of the Big U, insists that his directors be familiar with the Bible.

He said the other day:

"I don't want any of my directors to be like one I heard about.

"During the filming of a Biblical play this director studied the 'set' in which the Last Supper was to be depicted.

"'Who are those twelve men sitting around the table?' he asked.

"'Those are the apostles,' his assistant answered. To which the director replied:

"'Only twelve men for this scene—why, this is one of the biggest points in the production—get two hundred people at that table. What kind of a cheap concern do you think we are?'"

A RTCO PRODUCTIONS announces the purchase of "The Capitol," by Augustus Thomas, as the starring vehicle for Leah Baird.



ALL NATURE'S

ASTAGÉ FOR

THE PHOTOPLAY



"Come Watch With Me the Passing Night," a Paramount post-nature picture

Earle Williams in' the picturization of Eugene Waster's play, "The Wolf;" a Vitagraph release

A panoramic view of the swimming pool and surroundings on the magnificent estate used by Viola Dana and her company in the screen version of "Please Get Married" (Metro)—a pretty location in sunkissed California







"Peg O' My Heart" in the movies with Wanda Hawley and Thomas Meighan (Paramount-Artcraft)



EDITH DAY
Late prima donna of "Going Up" who has been
engaged to play the leading rôle in "No Children
Allowed"

ORA CAREW
To play an important part
in the Universal picture
"Loot," based on the detective story by Arthur
Somers Roche

UPTON SINCLAIR'S radical novels are to be put on the screen by a Los Angeles Company with Walter `McNamara directing.

A LICE JOYCE'S next picture is "The Winchester Woman," base on a novelette which created a real sensation in a prominent magazine. It tells a thrilling tale filled to the last minute with intrigue, mystery, suspense. Percy Marmont will support Miss Joyce.

IN Charles Ray's latest picture he plays the part of a stuttering boy. He has done so much stuttering in the scenes that the habit has "got him." He stutters when talking to his associates, and says it will take a couple of weeks' hard practice to get his tongue functioning in a normal way again after the completion of the picture.

METRO announces the purchase of the highly successful stage play, "Old Lady 31," which will be produced with an all-star cast. "Old Lady 31," a quaint comedy of plain folk by Rachel Crothers, enjoyed a record-breaking run at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, New York.

THOMAS H. INCE has a habit of straying into the local theatres and from an inconspicuous seat, usually in the last row, quietly observes the progress of the play with a view to discovering possible screen talent in the company. It was in this way that he selected Gladys George while she was



HELEN KELLER

Everyone knows the story of this remarkable woman who, born deaf, dumb and blind, overcame these terrible handicaps and is to-day one of the great spiritual figures of the country. Miss Keller made her first appearance on the screen in "Deliverance," an unusual photoplay based on her life

supporting DeWolf Hopper in "The Better 'Ole." Miss George is now making her first appearance on the screen in support of Charles Ray.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, son of the late Joseph Jefferson, has the rôle of James Hodkins, the loyal old bookkeeper in Bert Lytell's latest production, "Lombardi, Ltd." Mr. Jefferson's first screen appearance was in a Selig picture, "The Hoosier Romance." Then followed "Hands Up," for Pathé; his Metro appearance, "Sis Hopkins," with Mabel Normand; "Up Against It," for Fox, and "Tarzan of the Apes," a National production.

A CAST composed of celebrities has been chosen for the film production of "The Madonna of the Slums," the tenth of the Stage Women's War Relief Series of twelve pictures. Madame Galli-Curci, one of the world's most famous singers, Holbrook Blinn, Jeanne Eagels and Helen MacKellar, the latter three of nation-wide fame as stage players, are to be seen in this production, which was written by Jessie Bonstelle.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG says she will make only eight more pictures and then join the leisure class.

ADMIRAL RODMAN and his staff made a visit to the Ince studio in Culver City, one of the interesting events of the fleet's arrival on the Pacific coast Later he participated in the ceremony of unfurling the Ince aviation field flag at Venice.



From a portrait by Edward Thayer Monroe

P E G G Y H Y L A N D

THIS young English girl, now under the Fox banner, has achieved success lately in "Cowardice Court," and "Bonnie Annie Laurie." In "The Web of Chance," her next starring vehicle, she will have another opportunity to play a dainty ingenue rôle



Virginia Pearson and J. H. Gilmore (standing) in "Impossible Catherine," a photoplay full of action in which Miss Pearson portrays a rebellious wife who is finally tamed by a real American husband

(Right)

The dream scene in "The Lottery Man" with Wallace Reid—a Paramount-Arteraft picture

(Below Center)

Scene in George Loane Tucker's production "The Miracle Man," a Paramount-Arteraft release that has met with considerable favor





Miriam Cooper is appealing and sympathetic as Longfellow's famous heroine "Evangeline," a Fox picture





Theda Bara gives up "vamping, to become "Kathleen Mavourneen" with short frocks instead of clinging robes

The Frogramme of Fashion

By PAULINE MORGAN



et is indeed a satisfaction to be one of the first to appear in a new cape wrap, made from the very newest fabric, called Crystal Cloth, which is a silk tricolette of lustrous quality. A muff collar, and shaped ankle band of chinchilla achieves ultra style, and delightful confort



POUR LE DINER

Gowns from Boué Soeurs

Kittie Gordon, international beauty of the stage and screen, poses in ravishing frocks from Boué Soeurs. Miss Gordon will return immediately to the speaking drama in a new comedy with music, called "Love for Sale." The comedy is expressly written for her by Will B. Johnstone, author of last season's musical success, "Take It From Me," and the music is by Harry Archer



Of course, it couldn't be French without combining black and white—so this clever designer has used black plush as a bodice and upper skirt, combined with white Chantilly lace over an under-skirt of white chiffon. Feminimity—laciness—youthfulness are all gathered together and fashioned into a perfect frock!

A typical French frock is appropriately called "Five O'Clock"—and is an interesting suggestion for the tea or dinner hour. Just imagine peacock green satin and nutria—the latter forming the underskirt! The line of the bust is exceedingly becoming and distinguished with feweled ornament and swinging fringe. The petite sleeve, and the newest of new French shoes from Bobs, provides every requisite for a chic French effect

This golden-yellow chiffon gown is embroidered in yellow wooden beads in snail design. The effect is as lacy as though delicately worked by hand in silk. Tulle ruching forms the fashionable side drapery, forming a delicious silhouette. Plaques of turquoise fringed with beads form an oriental girdle effect, which is repeated becomingly on the arm

POUR LE SOIR



SIDE DRAPERY OF FLUTED
LACE OR NET, AND A NOVEL
WOOD BEAD EMBROIDERY
ARE NEW FEATURES OF
FRENCH GOWNS

Hill's Studio

Tiny hand-pleated ruffles of coral net makes the chic apron front of this charming gown. The wide train and loose blouse bodice is coral net spangled with pearls and beads. In order to mark it as unquestionable French, a wreath of blue and silver flowers swings from one side of the simulated waistline. Miss Gordon is indeed lovely in this, her own French gown

VERYTHING is embroidered in Paris, worsted materials along with chiffon and satin. If you have any old bits of Chinese embroidery on a boudoir robe, they may be successfully applicated on an evening gown. Such a gown with fringes of crystal beads and iridescent sequins may well be the envy of any discriminating woman.

THE race is on! Whether French shoes with stubby, comfortable little toes—sometimes low and sometimes high heels, with intricate leather design at ankle or instep—or—long-pointed pumps, accenting the slimness of the smart American foot!



The loose back panel swings from the shoulder with extremely decolette back. A waistline is suggested in a manner characteristic of the designer. The touch of turquoise velvet glimpsing in the panel train is as lovely as blue sky with floating white



Miss Gordon insists on showing two views of this thrilling evening gown, as the front and back have such decided features. So formal and yet so simple! Rainbow spangled material drapes closely around the figure in strangely effervescent colors—pearl and opal predominating. Turquoise blue velvet ribbon forms the corsage, and long slim train



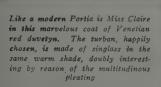


A relief from the usual drab and uninteresting motor costume is this one designed for Ina Claire and appropriately called "Motor Maid" by Peggy Hoyt. Practicability and chicness are combined in a remarkable degree. The voluminous motor coat is of honey-colored dwetyn, the adorable little hat of koney-colored mouise with a facing of black ciré satin

Properly suited and hatted to play the part of a smart young college girl, is a small rolling sailor of cobalt blue kid skin, with silver cord embroidered in an intricate design. After the fashion of "Tommy Atkins" is this little suit of navy blue gabardine with quaintly shaped buttons

DAVID BELASCO will present Miss Ina Claire to an adoring Broadway in October, elevating her to stardom in a comedy quite cleverly named the "Gold Diggers" WHEN HATS ROLL AWAY FROM THE
FACE, A CUNNING FRINGE OF BANGS
ADDS DECIDED PIQUANCY AND CHARM
TO THE SUBTLETY OF CONTOUR.







With Alladin's wonderful lamp, one's first wish would surely be for Miss Claive's coat and hat of natural caracul. Both the coat and hat were specially designed for her by Peggy Hoyt. Exceedingly youthful both in cut and color it is a real sartorial gem. The final note of richness is attained by the jeweled phis which look for all the world like lovely old mosaic

Peggy Hoyt has achieved all of the poetry and grace of a swallow in flight, in the artistic manner in which she has placed these really remarkable paradise fins on a small black velvet turban. A hat such as this is, indeed, the acme of artistry in millinery

(In Oval)

Around a crown of brilliant black
ciré ribbon there is draped a becoming brim of mirrored black
velvet. The brim is caught up in
front with a defity tied bow, giving
it the saucy and frivolous effect
especially suited to Ina Claire's
piquant beauty

LE THEATRE ET LA MODE A PARIS

By HOWARD GREER

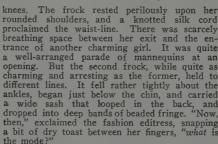
Howard Greer, special Paris correspondent for THEATRE MAGAZINE, will send us each month a letter sparkling with intimate gossip and fascinat-ing reflections of Paris fashions





It is simply "de tout un peu." Long sleeves and short ones; wide belts and shoe-string girdles, high backs and none at all, big hats and little ones

WAS taking tea several days ago with the fashion editress of one of America's leading magazines, and a woman who follows the mode for our largest newspaper syndicate. We sat in the courtyard of a small but very fashionable hotel, a few paces off the Place Vendome. Knotted, fantastic branches and great masses of wisteria blossoms shaded us from the afternoon sun. A very smart girlof-the-moment came in from the street, crossed the courtyard on her stubby-toed, square-heeled shoes, and disappeared in the salon. Fortunately her legs were shapely and graceful, for the frock of flowered satin barely covered her



knees. The frock rested perilously upon her rounded shoulders, and a knotted silk cord proclaimed the waist-line. There was scarcely breathing space between her exit and the entrance of another charming girl. It was quite a well-arranged parade of mannequins at an opening. But the second frock, while quite as charming and arresting as the former, held to different lines. It fell rather tightly about the ankles, began just below the chin, and carried a wide sash that looped in the back, and dropped into deep bands of beaded fringe. "Now, then," exclaimed the fashion editress, snapping a bit of dry toast between her fingers, "what is the mode?"

"I tell you there is none," said the syndicate writer, "or else they're all in evidence at one and the same time. People are simply wearing anything and everything." And so it seems, but it doesn't take a second glance to tell you that an American woman has landed within the last seventy-two hours. Her long-topped slippers are as inevitable as they are unusual, in Paris, and she—yes, she looks decidedly like a "lady." Now and then rather perturbing rumors come floating over the pond that New York has taken unto itself the power of the throne—at least for home consumption—but can it last? When two powers take up the struggle of leadership, one must eventually weaken. And tradition is a valuable ally. Now that the war's all over and peace is signed, and passports less difficult to obtain, the American buyers have begun swarming into Paris. Will they meet with rebuke when they carry back "le dernier cri" or will Milady again lend an ear to the voice from over the seas, which has whispered its soft notes since time immemorial. Were it possible for the couturiers of both countries to work from the same inspirations, an armistice might be called and satisfactory agreements made, but unhappily there are eight days' sea travel intervening, and in that brief time Marie Antoinette's frivolous flounces may have given way to the simplicity of Josephine.



I VISITED the palatial house of Callot recently with a Swiss woman, a customer of long standing. It's like being socially introduced, otherwise one might stand at the portals with a handful of gold bonds and a signed order from the President of the Republic, but the uniformed guard would hold up his hand to a stranger. We sank into the depths of an enormous divan scattered with oriental cushions, and the lady-from-Switzerland turned a platinum and diamond twisted lorgnette upon the procession of slender, undulating mannequins. Just as two heavy velvet curtains had closed

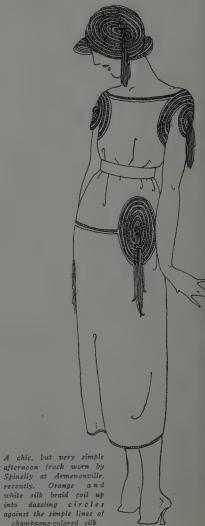
feathers on a blac satin to que, and high-collared, blu

over a vision of gold tissue and emeralds that had trailed languidly across the floor, an American woman—I knew she was American before she spoke, came into the room ready to burst into tear.

she spoke, came into the room ready to burst into tears.

"People are laughing at me," she sobbed. "I must look horribly, queer in these American clothes. For heaven's sake, give me something French—and I don't care how wicked it is!"

She was really much more charming than the voluptuous creature with no back, no sleeves, and no stockings, who came sliding into the salon, managing a yard or so of rose brocade most dexterously—but she was in Paris,



chambaane-colored silk



One doesn't need to do much with a dress, when the design of the material is so prominent. There is an extraordinary vogue for simple frocks of these brilliant materials. This one belongs to Marie Doro, and came from Callot Soeurs

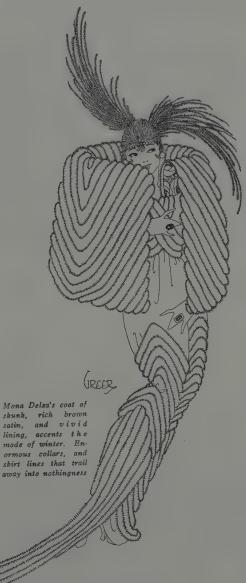
Id quite naturally no self-respecting daughter Columbia can allow herself to be the laughg-stock at Pre Catelan, or in the tea-garden the Ritz! In a month or so, transformed, she ill return to America, clad, as Lady Duffordon remarks, in a style that becomes ghteen quite as badly as it does eighty-eight, dwhat will happen to the lady when she apars for the first time after her absence on fth Avenue? For so the rumors go—New ork will have gone blithely on, imposing anteel smartness in feminine attire, and there ay be another frantic call upon the dressaker, while the Paris frocks are handed over the maids for fancy dress costumes at the inual servants' ball.

ADY DUFF-GORDON, by the way, has just returned to Paris. During the war her models were created in America, here she reigned the Queen of Fashion. She to be revered and respected for her taster surely it is that of a gentlewoman who degras for another of the same type. Her fancy kes flight in delightful and inimitable color mbinations, and her eccentricities—for all eat artists must have eccentricities—for all eat artists must have eccentricities—have not treached the point where a frock for the une fille is shown to the grande dame of digty. To her cultivated taste, the mode of the oment is nothing sort of an atrocity. All Parisems chaotic and mad. Even London, the one of Lucille establishments, has given way the caprices from over the channel. With ue American independence (for her sojourn America has brushed away even the Enghaccent), she is plunging into a winter coltion, unaffected by the Parisian inclination. rst of all, they will be masterpieces of color-rmony, and next they will be lady-like, and

perhaps—who knows?—they will be forerunners of the mood into which the French couturiers will soon fling themselves.

Shortly after her ladyship's arrival, I made a short "tour de promenade" with her, from the Place Vendome to the Opera. She was highly amused with the squat heels, flapping bows over the instep, brief skirts, high waistlines, bare arms, but at the same time she was an object of comment, strolling through the Rue de la Paix. A full coat of graceful line concealed a blue serge and black satin frock of amazing smartness, which gave only a glimpse of Russian boots that were as white as snow, and as faultlessly made. A small toque fashioned after the cap of the Italian aviator crowned the brilliant Titian hair, and there was something decidedly and admirably American in the way she managed her stick of ivory and ebony.

But let us get back to that which is smart in Paris. Tea of a Sunday in any of the restaurants in the Bois finds scores of fashionable women, and an occasional pre-war Rolls-Royce. And at dinner time there is a suggestion of winter in the furs again pressed into service. There was a marked absence of them during the summer, masses of aigrettes and paradise went better with the frothy laces and light chiffons. But no furs yesterday does not of necessity mean no furs tomorrow. On the other hand, it looks as though there might be oceans of it. The big cape that was inspired by army uniforms is giving way to an all-enveloping collar of fur, which begins at the tip of the ear, assumes the shape of a barrel, and stops abruptly near the waist line, to show the curve of the figure beneath velvet or satin, with perhaps another touch of fur at the hem. Apparently there is a passion for combining furs; mole with ermine; chinchilla with seal; sabie





Waistlines can become just so narrow, and then wasstines can become just so narrow, and then they must disappear altogether, or find a happy alternative in very wide sashes. Rose Amy, of the Casino, finds a favorite frock of this type, in rust-colored satin and black fringe

with unborn famb, in stripes that are horizontal or perpendicular, and in uneven spotty patches! The big-collared coat of Mona Delza, seen the other night at Dorziat's production, interprets the mode to perfection. The ankle line gives but little room for progress, while the tiny train of sable follows after in a timid, bouncing fashion.

train of sable follows after in a timid, bouncing fashion.

At the theatres one finds a tiring assortment of revivals. The costumes, too, seem to have been brought down from the cupboard of 1914 and pressed into use for the sake of economy. The few revues are but a sad mirror of fashion, one has but to turn to the boxes or stalls for a truer reflection. At the Casino it's a question as to which is the worst—play, costume or scenery. A hitherto unheard of person, quite unworthy of her recent boost to stardom—but that's the penalty, or the reward of being upon intimate terms with the producer!—makes three appearances during the evening, and does her best with three hapless numbers, while the other members of the company seem to have been chosen as a sombre frame to a faded chrome. The Apollo has been converted into a Salle de Danse, with Harry Pilcer's name in high letters, over the entrance. The Gaby Deslys-Pilcer alliance seems momentarily broken, for Gaby is in Marseilles, doing films, and we hear that she is to visit America, sams Harry, this autumn. It is perhaps a fortunate step, for Pilcer finds an appreciative audience in the French, and is very successful in London, while America turns its gaze full upon Gaby.

Quite the chicest place in Paris is the Moroccan Garden opened recently by Paul Poiret. The expanse of courtyard, bounded upon one side by the terrace of his house and on the other by the high French (Concluded on page 264)



Men, as well as women, are demanding garments made of silk, especially for their shirts. Above are a few of the different fatterns that may be found among the "Superspun" silks—the finest possible silk for shirtings—including Edwin's "beautiful blue-and-brown" (third from the left), that restored him to favor

WHERE THERE ARE SMART WOMEN THERE SHOULD BE SMART MEN

By ANGELINA



DWIN is "back"! Perhaps you've noticed I haven't said anything about him lately. That's because we had a "battle" a short time after he returned from the other side. All due to Edwin's being too importunate, and taking things too much for granted. Just because I found him an entertaining companion and liked going about with him, he imagined... Well, you know the silly ideas men get in their heads.

"It isn't that I'm not fond of you, Edwin," I said, and I meant it, "because I am. I really like you better than any other man I know. Only I'm really too busy to marry anybody just now, and that's all there is to it."

Whereupon Edwin gloomed, and decided for a strike and a general walk-out. We blew hot and we blew cold over the telephone. I remained firm, and finally refused to parley any longer. When Mr. Edwin called up, I was "out." And as such the deadlock persisted for weeks and weeks.



BUT I was pleased to see him come into the Ritz at tea-time the other afternoon. Even despite the fact that my pleasure was halved by his being with another girl—a much too pretty and dangerous-looking person for him to be around with.

Have I said that Edwin is awfully good-looking? Or rather, it isn't that he's really so good-looking, but he carries himself so well, and he does know how to dress. He was particularly smart that afternoon, for some reason, and you could feel that all of the women in the room were wishing they had him for an escort. Then and there I suffered a change of heart. Hereafter, I decided, Edwin must walk into the Ritz with no one except me. I'm not bad-looking in my way, either.

That evening at tête-à-tête dinner Edwin said I've skipped something? How did I bring

it off? By having a new and becoming hat, and a new escort, and by turning my back and not knowing Edwin was in the room and... Pooh! Imagine my being so fatuous as to explain. As if you didn't know how it could be done when one wants to. As I was saying, at dinner that evening, Edwin said:

"What finally induced you to capitulate, Angelina dear?"

I considered for a space.

"It certainly wasn't your soul. Perhaps it was your suit. No, I think it was your shirt. Yes, now I'm perfectly sure. It was your beautiful silk shirt."

"You're making fun," said Edwin. "You don't even know what I had on."

"Oh, don't I?" I responded. "You had on a brown suit, and a brown bow necktie, and the loveliest 'chick' silk shirt with stripes of brown, and the most delicious shade of blue. And the brown just matched your hair and your summer tan, and the blue matched your eyes, and.... Yes, no question, that perfect shirt was the final straw."

"I didn't know you were so observing of men's clothes," said Edwin.

"But yes. Most American women are, if you only knew it. We prefer well-dressed men just as much as you do well-dressed women. And we notice details. I'll tell you something else about yourself. This is the first time I've seen you wear a silk shirt."



R IGHT you are! I've never cared much about them till this summer. Now I'm fairly making a hobby of them."

"Why?" I asked. "I mean what caused the change of heart?"

"Why, Mademoiselle *Pourquoi?*" repeated Edwin. (Edwin says that "Why" is my middle name.) "For many reasons. Because in the first place they're so wonderfully comfortable to wear,

I've learned, they give and have an elasticity that other shirts don't. For another reason, because you can get such corking colors in silk shirtings nowadays, shades, blends you couldn't obtain in linen or cotton materials. For another reason still, because it suggests a certain luxuriousness and fastidiousness—'it's being done', as you might say. Men are beginning to like silk things to wear as well as women. I know we're all going broke buying silk shirts."

"But not just any silk, Edwin," I inquired, always alert to the practical side.



H, no indeed," answered Edwin quickly. "They must be of Empire Loomcraft silk if they are to be right. That used to be called Empire Wash Crepe-you've probably seen the name-but the new name represents it much better, puts it in the high class where it belongs. 'We are seven' in the Loomcraft family" (Edwin ticked them off glibly-I could see he had thoroughly mastered his hobby) "Superspun, Mellowspun, Shapspun, Commodore Crepe, Guildcrepe, Kingcloth, Chateau. When you find one of those names woven in the selvage-as they are in all the Empire silks-you know you are getting a guarantee, just as women do in their materials. A guarantee not only of a beautiful material-that any idiot can see with half an eye-but of a wonderful wearing quality, a wonderful washing quality."

Edwin paused a minute, then he looked up with a distinct twinkle. "I didn't tell you, Angelina, old dear," he said, "one of the very strongest reasons for having silk shirts. Even though they are rather expensive to stock at first, one more than makes up for it in the end by saving on the laundry. You see our wives can so easily wash them out at home along with their silk lingérie."

I will say for Edwin that he doesn't lack in



While the photographs in the ovals are bravely doing their best, they can give only a hint as to what the lovely colors of the "Superspun" silk may be. Use your imagination to fill them in with soft shades of plum, of unusual blues, of browns, or combinations thereof. Or, better yet, stop in at some smart haberdasher's or big shop, and see the silks themselves, making sure at the same time to see the name "Superspun" woven



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are America's Best—individual and suited to every dress need. Buy them by name.

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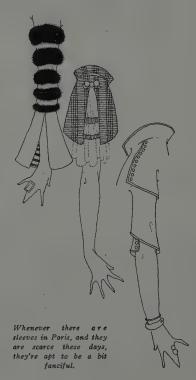


A glimpse into the foiryland of Martine's, reveals such luxurious cushions as these. The lady has her cushion all to herself, while ermine tails do just about as they please upon a surface of purple satin, edged with skunk

windows of his establishment, has been filled with flower beds and bright-colored tables and chairs, while the fountain in the centre of the garden reflects the colored lights from the terrace and the crystal moons that are hung in the trees. An American jazz orchestra, clad in tight red satin jackets, of a Moroccan cut, sings out syncopated melodies from the shade of gold and purple awnings. There are heaps and heaps of gay cushions thrown upon the steps that lead up to the Terrace, where the dancing takes place, and the tables are set with lacquered bowls and delicately-tinted crystal. Occasionally Mme. Poiret herself appears upon her balcony and joins in the dancing, for the place was opened primarily as an amusement for her. Tall and slender, with black hair pulled tightly over her temples, an enormous turban surmounting it, full skirts and tight bodice of shimmering metal cloth, and long, pointed, flat-heeled slippers to accentuate her East Indian resemblance, she is very much like the pale beauties that step into Edmund Dulac's fairy pictures.

I SADORA DUNCAN is another Parisian refugee who has returned to old haunts, and last week took place the opening of her dancing school at the Pavillon de Bellevue, Mendon. The admission price of one hundred francs failed to keep people away, and encouraged Duncan's repetition of her Mendelssohn Spring Song interpretation. There were many friends from the pre-war days in attendance, and a smart and fashionable crowd drawn from the nobility, diplomatic and upper strata of artistic circles.

A T any and all of the places named, there have been feminine loveliness and tasteful frocks, and the sketches accompanying, have been taken at random from the events which went to make up this article. A majority of the "monde" remains at sea-side resorts and it is to be hoped that the lack of interest in theatrical productions foreshadows host of brilliant winter spectacles. As yet there is no extension over the eleven-thirty closing law, but if one must dance there are any number of "blind tigers" conducted as private affairs. The reaction from four years of war industry is gradually passing and Paris will soon be reincarnated, much as the beautiful butterfly emerges from a gloomy cocoon imprisonment.





Miss Kathryn Perry, a striking example of Mr. Ziegfeld's unerring selection, is posed here in the Vanity Fair Plus-4-Inch Vest.

anity Fair
SILK UNDERWEAR

This little Vanity Fair Silk Vest has stirred the undieworld! Four whole inches longer than the ordinary vest—shoulder straps that are positively non-skid. No. 14822.



Vanity Fair Step-In Envelope Chemise No. 44012

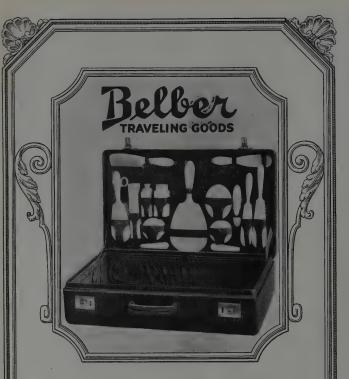
ASHION—Paris if you choose—changes our skirt length at will, but ever since Vanity Fair introduced its longer—four inches longer, too—silk undervest, no one has been able to persuade a woman to try anything else!

This Plus-4-Inch vest means freedom from the uprising, uncomfortable vest that would roll up under the corset, and gives instead a cleancut silken line right to the stocking! Then the shoulder straps! Placed at an angle, they can't slip off the shoulders, but stay firmly just where they belong.

Every other article of Vanity Fair-silk underwear is just as different in its own way as the vest. There's the Sure-Lap union, that is cut to stay closed; the Pettibocker, as demurely prim as a petticoat, as boyishly daring as a knicker; the Step-In envelope chemise, that can't come undone 'cause it has no snaps nor buttons to unfasten; and the Double-Back knicker that has two thicknesses of glove silk all the way down the back, where the corset rubs.

Add to a wonderfully heavy glove silk the tailored simplicity and superb lines of Vanity Fair, and the feminine heart has naught to sigh for in underthings and can devote itself to the clothes that "meet the eye." All the better shops carry Vanity Fair Silk Underwear.

Vanity Fair Silk Mills, Reading, Pa. Makers of Vanity Fair Silk Underwear and Silk Gloves



Luggage Can't Be Too *Good* For the *Experienced* Traveler

TO the person who travels very little, any kind of luggage may appear to be good enough—

But you who use luggage a great deal can be depended upon to demand the best. Because experience has taught you the comfort that is secured by the right luggage—not to mention the pride in knowing one's luggage is rich in quality as well as practical in service.

For complete comfort and unusual beauty Belber has produced the woman's fitted traveling case shown here.

Luggage of such character is rarely to be seen in the average luggage shop. When the Belber dealer shows you this—you will agree that the dainty design, the luxurious fittings and the general completeness of this case combine as a tribute to the good taste of its possessor.

No. 582. Ladies' case made of black cobra grain cowhide. Moire silk lining, shirred pockets in body of case. The frimmings are gold plated. Fitted with sixteen Lady Jane \$175 white ivory toilet articles.

Other styles from \$30 to \$350.

And whatever your luggage requirements, remember that *Belber* is the word for *quality luggage*—established through almost a generation of satisfactory use.

THE BELBER TRUNK & BAG CO.

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A striking evening gown of two-toned jade brocade, simply draped in front to follow the lines of the figure, the back suggesting a court train. Flowing Grecian chiffon sleeves, rhinestone shoulder-bands, and a large black velvet peony complete the richness of the gown

THE WHY-OF A SMARTLY GOWNED WOMAN-

IS IT FABRIC, COLOR, OR DESIGN OF THE GOWN?

EXT to the joy of gazing upon a flower, and inhaling its subtemperfume, the touch of soft fabric, rich in color and draping possibilities, appeals to the sensuous temperament of woman as a meat to express personality through the material medium of clothes! Our beatiful stage women are aware of this fundamental in ordering a wardrob but what is a truth to one, is not truth to another until they have provent so.

In entering the atelier of a smart couturier recently, I overheard the following dialogue between Jane Cowl and the designer:

MISS COWL:—Do let me see the newest fabrics before I decide on the style of gown—yes, I will want a new avenue frock, and an evening gown of that two-toned brocade.

DESIGNER:—But won't you see my new models first—I will have one the mannequins show them?

Miss Cowl:—(Looking over a gorgeous array of fabrics) Oh, no, always select my fabric first. Ah, here is just what I want for datime wear, it is so rich in color and so luscious in feel—and it nees scarcely any trimming—just a little fur, or a rope of fringed Orient beads!

DESIGNER:—Well, you have selected an expensive fabric, but one that w never wear out, and will always excite admiration and attention—the is "du-vel," Miss Cowl, one of the silk duvetyns that is incomparab as a winter fabric. How will you have it made?

Miss Cowl:—Before I decide that, I must know my color, and here it —just what I want—this divine shade of moon-glo blue, and I w trim it with kolinsky. Now let me see a smart model so I may sele my fashion—and I want that two-toned rose brocade for my ne evening gown. What is it called? I always like to order my gow by the name of the fabric. What! you don't know the name, but i just one of the famous J. A. Migel's silks—well, that's enougher me, and I don't want the material cut; just drape it around m gather it into a side panier, and make the shoulder straps of pear Where it gathers up at the sides, please show an underskirt of ivery and silver lace. And only what is that wonderful fabric over the conditions of the sides, please show an underskirt of ivery and silver lace.

and silver lace. And oh! what is that wonderful fabric over ther DESIGNER:—That is the surprise of the hour, Miss Cowl, a new 1920 sport silk, to be used for week-end frocks, but that is the first piece off t looms; wait until next month and I will show you a fabric unequall in any country, etc., etc.

From this short sketch, one may gather some idea of how a beautfully gowned woman obtains ultra-style.



CALLERY OF PORTRAITS

Leonore Ulric, the latest Belasco Star in Mink Dolman from A. Jaeckel & Co. 384 Fifth Avenue), New York City.





By ANNE ARCHBALD



ARIS has said short, short sleeves. Incidentally she has said short short skirts. We don't seem to be paying much attention to the latter pronouncement, but signs certainly seem to point to an adoption of the short sleeve for day frocks. The thing should really be reversed. Because whereas, as everyone knows, we are much stronger on legs and ankles and feet than the French woman; she surpasses us in the matter of arms and hands.

There is a greater average of plump, well-rounded arms and finely-turned wrists among the French than there is among the American women. American women have a curious way of having elbows, sharp little points sticking out, even if the arm is otherwise admirable. The French woman's elbow is rounded. Neither has she that noticeable bone at the wrist that we are apt to develop.

BUT there is always balm in Gilead these days, where beauty is concerned, whether of the face or of the figure. We may not be able to compete with French contours. But an arm and hand that has a smooth, white skin, nails that are red and fragrant as rose leaves, or pink and polished, can successfully hold their own against all comers. And these it is possible for every woman to have, whether she intends to wear the short sleeve for daytime, or only in the evening. We know, because:—

We went to certain actresses whom we had already seen wearing the short sleeve and whose arms and hands looked charming in it, and we asked certain frightfully impertinent questions. And for all our presumption we were treated most wonderfully and gathered any amount of important information.

WE learned from one how she keeps the skin of her arms so soft and satiny. From another we were made acquainted with a "Whitener" that positively will not rub off on clothes. From a certain actress who affects a deep red shade for her nails—to match her mouth, she says—what to use to obtain the same effect. From one who prefers to have her nails pink and polished like shells—the natural polish of a shell being the ideal for a nail to aim at, she claims—the powder that should be employed. Also the best and simplest way to remove cuticle and bleach nail rims. From several, their favorite Depilatory and Deodorant—an actress, you know, has to be fastidiously particular about these things—and their reasons for choosing them.

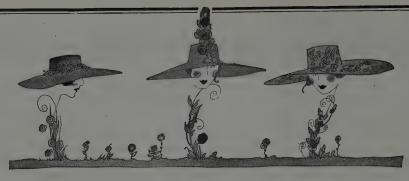
Most interesting bits were given us concerning a Reducing Soap and a Reducing Jelly, that will diminish that disfiguring size of the arms about the top and around the shoulders; and of a Freckle Lotion that removes that annoying summer crop of freckles, or tan.

We inquired likewise for the favorite Beauty Counters of our various gracious informants, and were readily furnished that information as well. The actress is really the most generous creature in imparting her beauty knowledge.

Afterwards, having repaired to these same Beauty Counters we found that in most cases they were able to supply the preparations of which we had been told, and that the favorites of the actress happened to be also the favorites of the great majority of women. So we made out a list of them for our Vanity Box readers, preparations which, if sedulously used will give you unimpeachable arms and hands for the winter campaign.

(Write the Vanity Box, care the THEATRE MAGAZINE, 6 East 39th St., New York City, and let us send you this list.)





16 East 55 Hew york Sport apparel

BY QUESTIONS WE HAVE BEEN ASKED AMATEURS

WILL you suggest books on Greek Dancing and Greek Costume?

"Antique Greek Dress," by M. Emanuel, published by John Lane, New York. "Dancing, Ancient and Modern," by E. L. Urlin, published by Appleton, New York. "Notes Upon Dancing, Historic and Practical," by C. Blasis, published in London. "Ancient Greek Female Costumes," by J. M. Smith, also published in London. "Chapters on Greek Dress," by M. M. Evans, published by Meen Ween Blast Costumes," by J. M. Smith, also published in London. by Macmillan, New York.

× × ×

PLEASE suggest plays of not over an hour to be given as part of a wadeville performance next year at our High School. A play where Chinese, Japanese or Persian costumes might be worn and something really worth while doing.

"The Song of Lady Lotus' Eyes," a Japanese Idyl by Benjamin Allen Purrington, and "A Dear Little Wife," a Japanese Comedy by Gerald Dunn would be excellent. Also in the April Theatre the full text of Dr. Thomas Wood Stevens' delightful little prologue is given and would be distinctly worth while and very easily put on. It can be given with practically no scenery at all, and very simple costumes.

× × ×

I AM secking several twenty-minute dramatic sketches with which to begin amateur theatricals. Will you advise me the names, and publishers of such sketches?

Samuel French, playbroker, publishes a list of Barrie's "Half Hours," a series of his short one-act plays which would be most appropriate for your purpose.

26, 26, 26,

 $O^{\it UR}$ senior class plans to put on "Fanny and the Servant Problem," by Jerome K. Jerome. Do you know whether the play has been produced professionally?

The play was originally produced some years ago at the Wallack Theatre, New York, with Fanny Ward in the leading rôle, under the name of "The New Lady Bantock." The play was reviewed at the time, in the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

A FEW OF THE MANY INQUIRIES WHICH COME TO OUR AMATEUR THEATRICALS DEPARTMENT-A SERVICE THAT IS FREE TO ALL OUR

READERS.

 $H^{\ OW}$ can we get up a minstrel show for a soldier audience? Pease give us some hints or tell us where we may obtain books on the subject.

"How to Get Up A Minstrel Show," by Press Eldredge, "How to Get Up A Minstrel Show," by Fress Entreage, published by Samuel French, would be very helpful, also "The Complete Minstrel Guide," by William Courtright and Dumont's Minstrel Joke Book—both of the latter published by the Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago.

* * *

 K^{INDLY} send me information where I can obtain any of the light comedy one-act playlets such as "Fancy
Free," used in 1916 by the Princess Players or anything
similar, particularly "Suppressed Desires." I would
also like to obtain a very modern one-act operetta, with principals limited to five or fewer.

You may obtain copies of the one-act playet "Fancy You may obtain copies of the one-act playet "Fancy Free" from Samuel French at 25c a copy, the royalty being \$5.00 per performance. "Suppressed Desires," I understand, is out of print. And here are a number of little playlets all of which may be obtained from French at the same rates as "Fancy Free":—"The Bracelet," by Sutro; "Dear Little Wife"; "The Playgoers," by Pinero; "The Maker of Dreams." If you get in touch with Tams Music Library, or Whitmark Publishing Company, both of New York, I am sure they can give you expert advice concerning an operetta such as you suggest. C^{AN} you give me pictures from recent Irish play and any reviews concerning them in recent issues of the THEATRE MAGAZINE?

"The Making of an Irish Player," in the April, 191 issue; "The Playboy of the Western World," in the January, 1912, issue; "The Irish Player," in the November, 1911, issue. These are all illustrated are constitutions of the property of th give an excellent idea of costumes, etc.

 I^N the February issue of the Theatre Magazine ye published a list of books of interest to anateurs—w you please tell me the name of the publishers?

Henry Holt & Company, 19 W. 44th St., New Yor publishes a very interesting list of books concerning the Drama, the Stage, and Plays.

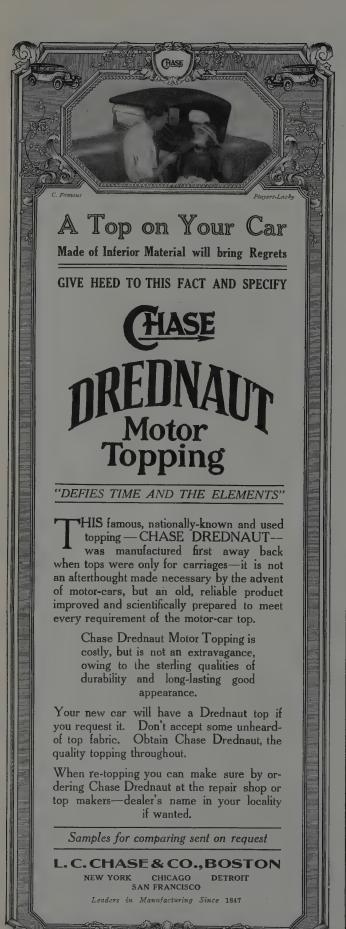
WILL you kindly inform me where I can buy a tran lated copy of Maeterlinck's play, "The Betrothal' Copies may be obtained at Brentano's, Fifth Ave. at 27th St., N. Y., at \$1.75 each.

* * *

WE want to use for our college dramatics some hig class, worth-while plays, but we are continually str gling against forbidden material because of royalti I have in mind "Merely Mary Ann," which, I am to cannot be produced for less than \$50.00 each perfor ance, also "Lonesome Like," "'Op o' Me Thumb "Rosalie," and "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire." Can any or of these be used in the college to read in recital

"Merely Mary Ann" may be obtained from Sanger "Merely Mary Ann" may be obtained from Sanger Jordan, playbrokers, N. Y., at \$25.00 the performans "Lonesome Like, "'Op o' Me Thumb," and "Spreaing the News," may be had for \$5.00 the performan from Samuel French, also "Rosalie," on which there no royalty for amateur performance. You may not rea play on which there is a royalty before an audien without special arrangement with the playbrokers when the special arrangement which the special arrangement which we have the special arrangement wit





AN INTERESTING SERIES OF ARTICLES BY CLARENCE STRATTON

9

IN developing and upbuilding a city or town something more is necessary than the mere establishment of industries and business—the furnishing of churches, schools and homes for the people. That "something" is the development of what might be termed a civic esprit de corps—a strong community spirit.

The War Camp Community Service Board, quick to realize the important part the Drama and the Theatre has played during the war, in developing the community spirit, has started a post-war, nation-wide movement, to establish permanent community, houses throughout the country, as war memorials, where community plays and pageants may be given.

A new interest in the Drama and the Play has been awakened; amateur activities during the coming year will be many and varied.

AND we are going to give you an interesting and authoritative series of articles, by Clarence Stratton, whose work in the amateur field, and with the Drama League America, we need not dwell upo Mr. Stratton speaks from practic experience—his articles will give your duce an amateur play, with the strategy and a maximum cartistic results. These articles we be ullfy illustrated, and the first-"Amateur Productions in You Town" will be published in the November issue. They will appear in the following order:

YOUR TOWN
CHOOSING THE PLAY
REHEARSING—Time, method an
results to secure
ARTISTIC SETTING—How to di
sign and make them
STAGE EQUIPMENT—Getting th
necessary for little money
LIGHTING—Practical advice

AMATEUR PRODUCTIONS I

Amateurs need and want help an the Amateur Theatricals Departmen proposes to give it unsparingly.

THE AMATEUR EDITOR.



THE ARTS CLUB OF CHICAGO

(Continued from page 246)

vivid contemporary interest in the light of the recent revolution, undreamt of when the play was written and first given.

The lightest of light comedies, "Barbara," followed, with pretty Helen Walton in the title rôle as the well-bred young woman newly embarked upon her professional career as a burglar. Eccles, the altogether admirable man-servant of the apartment which Barbara had feloniously entered, was Harold Moulton, who read his lines with amusing readiness, and John Koehl as Mr. Archibald Philbert, owner of the apartment, rounded out the little cast to the delight of the audience. After the fall of the curtain, Mrs. Hanna. Butler sang three songs, Beach's "Ah, Love But a Day;" Wilson's "Pastorale," and Dvorak's "Songs My Mother Taught Me," the songs fitting the temper of the three plays

in the most interesting manner.

The last of the plays was that modern morality, "Dust of the Road," differing as widely in inten-

tion and spirit from the other two

as they from one another-as if the choice in selection were to demonstrate the author's versatility and command of dramatic resource in distinct fields and these widely sundered. Miss Grace Hickox played the part of Prudence Steele, maiden sister to old Peter Steele assumed by Mr. Murry Nelson, with Mr. Thacher Nelson as the uncle, and Mr. Eugene Stinson as the tramp, a vivid character compounded in almost equal parts of Judas Iscariot and Ahasuerus the Wandering Jew. The stage setting, an old farmhouse not many years after the Civil War, was arranged by Mrs. John Alden Carpenter, and the play as a whole made a profound impression in every detail.

Mr. Lionel Belmore, one of Kenneth Goodman's numerous professional friends, was good enough to conduct the rehearsals, and brought the acting far above the ordinary amateur level. The properties were in the hands of Miss Grace Mills, while Miss Alice Gerstenberg had charge of the production.



F you are planning to have a special body made for your motor car, have it designed and built by Rubay. You will find a great satisfaction in knowing that your motor car possesses an unmatched air of smartness and distinction. Send for a copy of our booklet containing a selection of the latest Rubay designs for both open and closed bodies.

Rubay Company

WASHINGTON'S COMMUNITY PAGEANT

(Continued from page 247)

while on the plaza level the plastic Art broke into Dance. In the foreground right and left, were the applied or utilitarian arts, pictured by the primitive people of the Orient and Occident. On the high parapets, right and left, stood Trumpeters, sounding the call of the Arts to all people."

THE parade of the second division of the Festival, "The World at Peace," with floats and honor guards, had for its Grand Marshal, General Robert L. Bullard; and for Acting Marshal, Captain Roy R. Glen, of the British Embassy, assisted by members of the other embassies—M. Bardac, of France; Sr. Don Gonzalo de Ojeda, of Spain; Mr. Katsuji Debuchi, of Japan; Mr. Constantin Brun, of Denmark; Lieut. Phillipe Barbier, of Belgium; and so down the list of thirty-eight nations or countries.

The last of this brilliant procession, starting at the Treasury, moved past the front of the Capitol to the music of military bands and the applause of the vast multitudes. The crowds, surging forward against the ropes on all sides, were held back only by the rows of khaki-clad war veterans. Then the twenty-eight community choruses massed in the middle tier of the historic steps arose and sang, led by Hollis Edison Davenny, "America, the Beautiful;" "Ring Out Sweet Bells of Peace" and "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and songs, breathing the love of the homeland, rang out on the evening

BY the time the singers had passed down through the double aisles of ribbons and withdrawn, late twilight was thickening into dusk. Promptly at nine o'clock a hundred trumpet-bearing Heralds, clad in rose pink came forth, making way for peace to advance and loosen her dove. She was followed by groups of dancing girls, symbolizing the 'oy that follows Peace on earth. Gradually the lights were turned on and, as the dancers withdrew. America descended the steps to lend a helping hand to the small nations just emerging from darkness and depression and to lead them up to Liberty. Capital and Labor met in the bright light of Intelligence and Unselfishness. As the lights grew more and more brilliant, the vividness of the costumes worn by the participants increased. The dawn-blue of the draperies worn by the rhythmic dancers at twilight, was replaced by masses of lovely solid color.

The States, each bearing its flag, formed an unbroken circle around the figure of Columbia. The circle broke to admit Columbia's sons in uniform. The Marshals of Peace arrived and threw over the uniforms the robes of the Professions and of the Artisan. The men knelt to Columbia and pledged their continued service as civilians.

The concluding spectacle was the "Spirit of Love."

NOT even the St. Louis pagean equalled this in the immensity of its conception. But apparently Washington can produce with loca resource a great and splendid festi val like this for the celebration of each of her holidays. Last Christ mas, the pageant of the nativity, and the revival of old English festivitie were held on the Capitol steps or two successive nights when the whole surrounding landscape wa white with ice and snow. "And, o course, the Peace Pageant was bu the beginning of a big national cele bration!" Secretary Lane has en thusiastically declared.

BUT between big gala days am festivals, the players are rendering a splendid community service During an average month, according to reports made by Mrs. Forrest to War Camp Community Service headquarters, more than 130 group meet for training and rehearsals most of them working on small plays. Six large dramatic classe are held weekly, and as fast as the players are sufficiently advanced they are cast in one-act plays.

THE students in the school, the participants in Washington's amazing dramatic productions, are chiefly war workers and governmen employees. They come from every State in the union. And when say the Festival had a big national aspect, I mean more than that the flag of every State was carried up the Capital steps by a beautifully readed women.

robed woman. I mean that these workers will sooner or later be going back hom to Idaho or Nevada or Tennessee And each of them, by virtue of th training received will return a po tential producer, director, or play writer, with a working knowledg of the essentials of New Theatr technique. He or she will go back to show the home town its own po tentialities, and hasten the day when "America shall find the ultimate ex pression of her democracy in th drama." War Camp Communit Service has this in mind when i backs up this colossal work. An this movement now stands at th open door of a vast national under taking-a permanent Communit Service, which will organize all th recreational facilities of every com munity for enriching the leisur time of everybody in the communi And leaders fitted for thi work verily are few. And, too, wit soundly-trained directors and at th present rate of activities carried or in the school, it would not be ex travagant to expect groups of New Theatre people gradually to radiat from the school out over the countr in repertory of a much more tha

amateur sort.



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A WOMAN OF NO IMAGINATION

(Continued from page 228)

do my last act bit in 'Paradise' but I'm not insane, you're the one that's mad if you think that any career, stage or any career, can take the place of this. It might satisfy for a time, but-" her voice dropped very low, she was acting now, "there'll come a time when you'd be glad to be back here, when you'll swallow your pride and write and ask him if you can come back. Maybe it will be too late-maybe someone else will have taken your place. That's tragedy. Baby fingers that grip, the kitchen stove, a man's meals, a pretty dress, an occasional outing-a quiet evening spent with him-before the log fire-that's a career for any woman. And if you don't believe me go to any woman in your brother's company-ask any successful actress if she wouldn't rather have a home than her name in lights-she'll tell you. It isn't for press agent stuff that they marry when they have the chance and bring children into the world, it's because they've learned—they've learned."

SHE stopped. From the hallway a clock chimed. It was growing

"I must go," she said suddenly, "if you don't mind I'll call a taxi." She went to the library and called the hotel. They promised a cab at once. She lingered before she went back to the living-room. Eunice Doyle still sat back of her tea cart. It was almost dark. Neither of them spoke. A grim smile played over Katherine's features. She wished that Martin Eggers might see her audience.

The maid announced that the taxi was at the side door.

"Goodbye-it's been very kind of you to let me stay here. Thank you very much."

Eunice Doyle tried to stop her, tried to call her back. The front door slammed. Eunice ran to it, but it was too late. The woman had gone back to the whirlwind.

T was just before eight on Satu day night when Martin Egge climbed the single flight of stairs Katherine Gibson's room at theatre. She was dressed for t first act, even her make-up was co plete. She opened the door at 1 knock, greeting him with a smile.

"Well, you won," he nodded I head in approval. "I went out the tonight, and asked Eunice what s intended to do about her career, a she gave me the calling down of life. I don't know what you said, how you said it. But you won. isn't going to have her career, a next month you'll start rehearsi for a new Broadway production."

KATHERINE smiled. Her ey sparkled with the satisfacti that only a triumphant woman of know.

"Yes, you've a right to look li that. I was wrong-you concoct a good yarn-or else you used club," he laughed. "Tell me wh pretty, imaginative story you to her." He drew forward a chair, a produced the inevitable cigar.

"I didn't imagine anything," Ka erine said slowly, "I told her t story of my own life. And before went to the theatre I thought over—several times, and I winhome—home to my husband, to a him if I could come back-if he s wanted me-now that I am finish with my career."

"You wired--"

"Yes," she interrupted him, "a he answered me right off-he to me that-that he'd come Chicago to meet me. "I don't w the part," the room rang with emotional sincerity of her wor "I'm starting home to my o kitchen—to-night—home!"

And in that moment, when the m of him was truly happy for her ne found joy, Martin Eggers realized that Katherine Gibson, even lack imagination, might have been a gr



NEW VICTOR RECORDS

"Sempre Libera" is the climax of the great aria "Ahl fors' e lui." It is a magnificent example of vocal display in which the full range of Galli-Curci's voice is exhibited with thrilling effect and is equally valuable as an instance of her subtle gift for characterizations, as portrayed on a new Victrola Record. The bright and joyous melody is interspersed with rapid-scale passages that cascade like showers of sparks; the whole being controlled by a most delicate sense of rhythm, the high notes being controlled by a most delicate sense of rhythm, the high notes being poised and balanced with superb grace.

Merle Alcock is one of the younger contraltos who has already established a splendid reputation. She has most feelingly rendered on a new Victor Record one of Stephen C. Foster's less known songs—"Gentle Annie," also one of Tom

Hood's love lyrics—"'Tis All TI I Can Say." "Gentle Annie" smoothly and impressively sung, richness of the singer's low to being most apparent at the end each stanza. The beautiful le lyric of Tom Hood fully reveals powers of Merle Alcock as an art "Our Yesterdays'as sung by E Baker on a Victor Record issued is a touching little sunflor reminiscence. "Ma Little Sunflor Goodnight," sung on the reverse the record by Olive Kline, is a betiful little song of motherhood. No writer has ever sensed subtle thoughts of childhood bet than Eugene Field. The two wknown selections—"Wynken, Bl ken and Nod" and "The Sugar Pl Tree" are told by Sally Hamlia real child, for children on a n Victor Record.—Adv.



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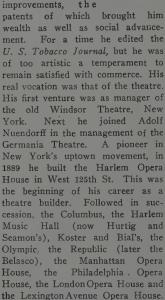
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN DEAD

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN

SCAR HAMMERSTEIN, one of America's most prominent theatrical and operatic managers, died at the Lenox Hill Hospital, New York, on August 1

last, after a paralytic seizure, following diabetes.

Oscar Hammerstein was born in Berlin in 1847, and first came to America in 1865, a penniless immigrant. He commenced his career in the new world as a cigar maker, and the man's genius asserted itself even in this humble capacity, for it was while employed at the bench, rolling cigars, that he devised valuable tobacco machinery improvements, the



Although he loved the theatre, Hammerstein's particular hobby was music. He was the first in this country to give a performance of Mascagni's famous "Cavalleria Rusticana," and while presenting acrobats and trained dogs at Koster and Bial's, he found time to compose an opera of his own called "The Koh-i-noor," written in twenty-four hours. Other operas by him were: "Santa Maria." "War Bubbles," "Sweet Marie," "Mrs. Radleigh Bradleigh Ball," etc.

In 1906 he startled New York's operatic world by challenging the supremacy of the exclusive Metropolitan Opera House. He built the Manhattan Opera House on West 34th Street and presented there such modern operas as "Thais," "Louise," "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," "Pei-

léas et Melisande," "Tales of Hoi mann," etc.—works that had hithe to been excluded from the strict classical repertoire of the Metropo itan, and introducing to our publ

such fine vocal ar ists as Mary Ga den, Tetrazzini, Boi ci, Zenatello, Da mores, Renaud, no of which singers the Metropolitan had a forded the opportunity of a hearing.

Encouraged by h success in New Yorl Hammerstein builthe splendid oper house in Philadelphia and keen rivalry with the Metropolitan followed with heavilosses to both, urtil finally Hammerstein was induced to capitulate and with

drew from the operatic field. H was bound not to give opera i New York for ten years, and thi limit was about up when he died.

Mr. Hammerstein was a picture esque figure in the theatrical life o New York. Everybody knew him an everybody liked him. As a write says, "He was a droll genius, with penchant for epigrams, who alway wore a high silk hat of ancient vin tage and carried a black cigar. Those whose privilege it was to know him intimately he was a brillian companion whose ordinary conversation sparkled as brightly as the wife of the most famous after-dinne speaker.

The high hat passed with the oper days; the cigar, the epigram and delicious accent were always withim. On Summer nights he coul generally be found sitting in the last box on the Victoria Roof, and in the daytime he was usually puttering around in his den within the building. This was a little room tucke in under the balcony and guarde over by the ushers who always patrolled the corridor. If you were of the elect, when your name had bee borne in you were ushered into the sanctum.

"He rarely talked of the past; the living present and pregnant futur interested him more. In his epist to the Philadelphians in which he delivered his ultimatum about the continuance of the opera season, he said "Do you want opera in Philadelphia If so speak within thirty days, an when you do speak, say something Otherwise I'm a busy man."

In 1911 when he went to Londo and built the opera house in Kingway, a reporter asked him what he expected to open with.

"With debts," was his laconic repl

Amateur Producers and Players

The Editor of the Amateur Theatricals Department will be glad to receive for possible publication in the Amateur Department of the Theatree Magazine, photographs and articles concerning plays and pageants given by high schools, clubs or dramatic societies throughout the country.

Address

Editor, Amateur Theatricals Department, Theatre Magazine.







COMEDY. "UP FROM NOWHERE." Play in four acts by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. Produced September 8 with this cast:

George Washington Silver,

George Frederick Howard
Georgianna Olive Murray
Martha Leotta Miller
Etta Margalo Gillmore
Linski George Casselberry
Sato Sato
Captain Hercules Penny, Cecil Yapp
Mrs. William Grenoble Somerset,

Grace Reals
Frederic Valentine Clarence Bellair
Edith Ann Andrews

OF course, it is well recognized that in the world of letters Booth Tarkington occupies a distinguished position. As a student of human nature he is regarded as an expert. It has always, therefore, seemed to me most extraordinary that when writing for the stage he should turn out characters and dialogue that fairly reek of the footlights. And I'm not excepting "The Man from Home," in spite of its tremendous success. The same equally applies to Harry Leon Wilson, the creator of "Ruggles of Red Gap."

These two gentlemen, combining their talents, have written "Up From Nowhere," described as "a new American play in four acts," which John D. Williams is presenting at the Comedy. Its principal character is George Washington Silver, born in Houston Street, mother and father unknown, who, after an ad-

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 224)

~

venturous career at sea, turns up as a captain of industry, with a family of four, who rule him to their hearts' content.

This peculiar metropolitan character is entrusted to Mr. Norman Trevor, an Englishman with all the very positive externals of that particular nation. It was not a very happy bit of casting that allotted this role to Mr. Trevor, but as really the nationality of the part cuts little ice, his cheerful enthusiasm, agreeable charm and manly figure made him otherwise entirely acceptable.

Thinking that his ridiculous son is going to be married for his money, Papa takes a hand only to find himself very much more in love with the young lady than is his hopeful, while after the customary misunderstanding, the young woman finds that she loves and prefers the older generation.

Miss Ann Andrews was the exponent of this rôle. Young, pretty and most becomingly dressed, she made the part as convincingly real and human as the authors would allow.

An old sea captain, Hercules Penny, a dependent on Silver's generosity and one of those privileged characters that manifest themselves in so many households, was played with exquisite skill and deft humor by Cecil Yapp. Mr. Yapp is a very good actor. He almost invariably makes good. In the rôle of the gentle old sea-dog he literally triumphed.

With the exception of Margalo Gillmore as the youngest of Silver's family—she was most refreshingly girl-like—the remainder of the cast ranged from acceptable to hopeless.

CORT. "A REGULAR FELLER."
Comedy in four acts, by Mark Swan.
Produced September 9 with this cast:

Dan Brackett Ernest Glendinning Charlie Winter
"Butch" Hawkins Everett Butterfield Dudley Clements Cyrus Pond James Bradbury Albert Bushee Everett Davis Joseph Brackett Milton Cross Edwin Holt Charles Abbott Roy Gordon Leslie Purvis Vinton George Cukor Bessie Winter Miriam Sears Jocelyn Cross Margaret Greene Emelia Vandergrift,

Charlotte Granville
Mandy Kittie O'Connor

DON'T drive my own motor, and perhaps that's the reason a considerable portion of the humor of "A Regular Feller," which Charles Emerson Cook is presenting at the Cort Theatre, left me cold. I must honestly admit, however, that the

night I saw Mark Swan's new comedy, a very considerable portion of my fellow auditors howled with delight at the very mention of carburetor, spark-plug, inner tube, tires and other automobile technicalities.

One character I did find amusing—Cyrus Pond, an old-time "hoss' lover, who becomes a convert to the new idea of locomotion. Jame Bradbury's personality in itself is a rare comic asset, and as the sai comedian has had a long experience and knows every trick of the rub technique from A to Z, it is not sur prising that of this amiable yap hemade a very real and amusing character.

The sentimental side of Mr. Swan's work I found very tiresome. I failed to thrill as I followed Dan Brackett' heroic efforts to sell an unpuncturable tire, which his friend, Charlis Winter, had invented. Dan had been cast off by his father becaus he loved to tinker about a garage but Dan defeated everyone in the campaign he managed, and of cours won the hand of Charlie's sister while Charlie got for a wife the daughter of the President of the Crosstire Company.

Ernest Glendinning was Dan. From beginning to end he acted with unflagging zeal, fine verbal fluency and nice sincerity. He was all that could be expected or desired. Edwin Holwas the hard-hearted father, who later had to confess his son was a better business man than he was.



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QUERIES ANSWERED

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no address furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored

J. C.—Q. In what issues of your magazine did comment or pictures appear of "The Royal Vagabond"? Where can I secure these copies?

A. There is a review of "The Royal Vagabond" in the April, 1919, issue. This number also contains a full page sketch of Dorothy Dickson, in the piece, and two scenes. The May, 1919, copy contains pictures of Robinson Newbold and Mary Faton, both members of the cast of "The Royal Vagabond." The price of each copy is 35c, and they will be sent to you on receipt of your remittance.

E. N. M., Grassy Sound, N. Y .-Q. Kindly give me a brief sketch of the lives of P. G. Wodehouse, Jerome D. Kern, and Carl Randallall three contributors to the success of "Oh, Lady, Lady."

A. In our December, 1917, issue there is an article entitled "A Team Playwrights Extraordinary," which gives an account of the lives of P. G. Wodehouse and his collaborator, Guy Bolton. The article also mentions Jerome D. Kern. The price of this copy is 40c. We have never published anything about Carl Randall's career in the THEATRE MAG-AZINE, but we may do so in the near

K. C., Minneapolis, Minn.-Q. Have you published anything about Fritz Leiber's interpretation of Hamlet?

A. Our February, 1919, issue (price 35c) contains a review of Mr. Leiber's "Hamlet," and a portrait of him in the rôle.

E. T., McRae, Ga.-Q. Please give me sketches of the lives of Ellen Terry, Sarah Bernhardt, Henry Irving and Edwin Booth?

A. We cannot undertake to give you sketches of the players' lives you mention. We would refer you to "The Story of My Life," by Ellen Terry, published by Doubleday, Page and Co., Garden City, N. Y.; "Who's Who in the Theatre," for Sarah Bernhardt's career; "Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving," by Bram Stoker, published by Mac-millan Co., New York, and "The Life and Art of Edwin Booth," by William Winter, also published by Macmillan.

A. V. M., Springfield, Mass.-A If you will send a letter to Frank Morgan in care of the THEATRE MAGAZINE, we will be glad to forward it for you.

B. K., Pittsburgh.-Q. Where can I obtain a good picture of Pauline Frederick? Has she appeared in any other play but "Innocence" on the legitimate stage?

A. Sarony, Fifth Ave., New York City. 2. Pauline Frederick made her first appearance on the stage in 1902 and remained there until she joined the film stars. There is an article in our June, 1913, issue (price 45c) entitled "From the Chorus to Le imate Dramatic Star," by Paul Frederick, which gives a full acco of her career. The article is ill trated with two excellent pictur

C. L. McC., Washington, D. C. Q. Have you published a rec picture of Lenore Ulric?

A. There is a full page picture Miss Ulric in our August, 1918, iss price 35c.

G. J. F., South Bend, Ind .-Please give me a list of plays which May Irwin has starred, by s son if possible; also Robert Edeso

A. May Irwin began her starr career in 1893 under Rich and H ris, appearing at the Bijou Thea in the following plays: "A Coun Sport," 1893; "The Widow Jone 1895; "Courted in Court," 180 "The Swell Miss Fitzswell," 181 "Kate Kip, Buyer," 1898; "Sis Mary," 1899; "Madge Smith, Atto ey," 1900; "Mrs. Black is Bac 1904. At the Bijou Theatre Nove ber 5, 1906, she appeared in the ti rôle of "Mrs. Wilson," and play "Mrs. Peckham's Carouse," 19 "The Mollusc," 1908; "Mrs. Jir 1910 (this play was later nam "Getting a Polish"); "She Kno Better Now," 1911; "A Widow Proxy," 1913; "33 Washingt Square," 1915. For an article Miss Irwin's career see our Nove ber, 1915, issue (price 45c.) "Twen Years a Star." 2. Robert Edes commenced his career as a star the Savoy Theatre in March, 1902, "Soldiers of Fortune." Since the date he has appeared in "The Re tor's Garden," "Ransom's Foll and "Strongheart." In 1907 he we to London to play "Stronghear returning to this country to appe in "Classmates" the same year. Oth plays are "The Sinner," 1908; "T Call of the North," 1908; "T Offenders," 1908; "The Noble Spa iard," 1909; "The Outcast," 190 "A Man's a Man," 1910; "Where t Trail Divides," 1910; "The Ca Man," 1911; "The Indiscretion Truth," 1912; "Fine Feathers," 19 He was seen last in "A Good B Woman."

F. W., Jersey City.-Q. Plea tell me something about the care of Eugene Walter, the playwrigh

A. Eugene Walter, author of "T Easiest Way," "Fine Feathers"
"Paid in Full," etc., was born No. 27, 1876. He was formerly a r porter on a Cleveland newspaper as later served on the staff of the Ne York Sun. His theatrical experien was gained as advance agent wi various theatrical companies. H plays, in addition to those alread mentioned include: "The Undertow (1907); "The Wolf" (1908); "Ju a Wife" (1910); "Boots and Sa dles" (1910); "Homeward Bound (1910); "The Trail of the Loneson (1911); "The Challenge Pine" (1919).





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HAPPY medium between the A elaborate scrap book of programs, actors' portraits and seatcoupons and the hap-hazard pile of programs some theatregoers keep for reference, is the miniature card catalogue which can be evolved from a hat pin, a cork and the ticket stubs for the plays attended. Save your programs by all means-piled away in a dark corner-but for a handy thumb-nail record to be kept at hand for use whenever wanted, try this method.

The hat pin is the basis of the system. When you come home from the theatre instead of throwing your seat coupon into the waste basket write on the back of it in ink or with a sharp pointed pencil: (1) the name of the play, or if vaudeville, say so; (2) the name of the star or principal actor, actress or actors; and (3) your impressions, or any remarks you may wish to record. O course the writing must be small and the remarks brief. The other side of the stub will give the name of the theatre, the location of your seat and the date. Thus all the valuable data is condensed on a postage stamp. Then through the lower right hand corner stick the hat pin-only a small sized one will be necessary for a year or so. A bit of cork stuck over the point will save you pricks and scratches as well as keep the point sharp. The whole thing might be kept in one of these small cardboard boxes such as are used as containers for chocolate-covered peppermints in small quantities.

One great advantage of this card catalogue system is the ease with which the number of performances attended in a year, a month or a season, can be counted up. Divisions can be made by including at the proper points larger bits of cards with the division title marked on them in large letters. Clippings and pictures can be kept between the leaves of the programs in the dark corner. Modifications without end can be made to suit your whims.

KENNETH V. REED.

I N order that every section of the United States may have an opportunity to see "Tea for Three," which has just concluded a year's run at the Maxine Elliott, the Selwyns have organized four companies for its presentation on tour. The Chicago compan, which will shortly begin an engagement at the La Salle Theatre, will be headed by Arthur Byron, Frederick Perry and Margaret Lawrence. That playing the towns adjacent to New York will have Charlotte Walker as its star. The company touring the South will be headed by Cecil Spooner.



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THE THE

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIET



THE Philharmonic Society New York will inaugurate seventy-eighth season this fall wi Josef Stransky, conductor of the orchestra, entering upon his nin season in that position. Although it is still exceedingly difficult to pr cure European novelties, Mr. Stra sky is fortunate enough to have secured several, details concerning which will be announced later. A in former years, Mr. Stransky's pro grammes will offer many America compositions, several of which wi be novelties.

The Philharmonic season will in clude twelve Thursday evenings, six teen Friday afternoons, four Satur day evenings and twelve Sunday af ternoons in Carnegie Hall, as well a the usual series of five Sunday con certs at the Brooklyn Academy o Music. In addition to these perform ances in Greater New York, the or chestra will also make three shor tours to over thirty cities throughou the country. The list of assisting artists for the New York concerts has been chosen as usual from the names of the prominent instrumentalists and vocalists available, and will be announced in full at an early date.

A month before the first New York performance, the orchestra will reassemble, with few changesthough slightly augmented.

Several weeks previous to their arrival Conductor Stransky will return to the city from his summer home in the Adirondacks.

"Keep your seats, please, ladies and gentlemen," said the manager of the barnstorming opera company, "there is no danger whatever, but for some inexplic-able reason the gas has gone out."

Then a boy shouted from the gallery "Perhaps it did 't like the show."—Musical America.

NEW COLUMBIA RECORDS

The Columbia Records featured

The Columbia Records featured this month include the greatest renderings of world-famous songs and compositions by operatic and concert stars who make records exclusively for Columbia.

Rosa Ponselle, the brilliant new dramatic soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, has sung for Columbia Records "D'Amor Sull' Ali Rosere" from "Il Trovatore;" "La Vergine degli Angeli" from "La Forza del Destino" and Tosti's "Good-bye." Riccardo Stracciari contributes to this festival of song: "Good-bye." Riccardo Stracciari "Gothibutes to this festival of song: Cardillo's "Core 'Ngrato," Massen-et's "Eligie," and Ray's melodious popular hit, "The Sunshine of Your

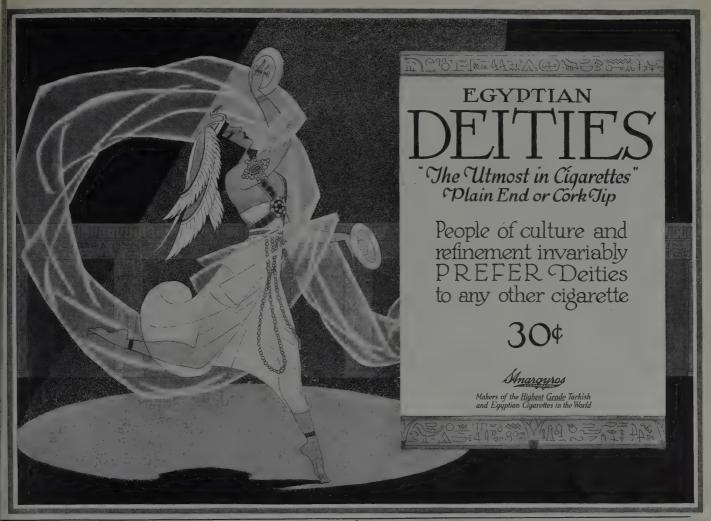
Hulda Lashanska sings "Depuis le Jour," from "Louise;" Victor Herbert's "Kiss Me Again," and "Bonnie Sweet Bessie, the Maid O' Dundee." Toscha Seidel, famous violinist, plays Sarasate's "Gypsy Airs." Wieniawski's Romance from Concerto No. 2, Opus 23, and that

Airs," Wieniawski's Komance from Concerto No. 2, Opus 22, and that dazzling Gypsy tavern dance. "Hejre Kati, Scenes from the Csarda."

It should be remembered that the records featured this month are merely an earnest of the other records made by these artists are records made by these artists ex-clusively for Columbia—the cream of the cream of Columbia Records made by the artists.—Adv. the cream of Columbia

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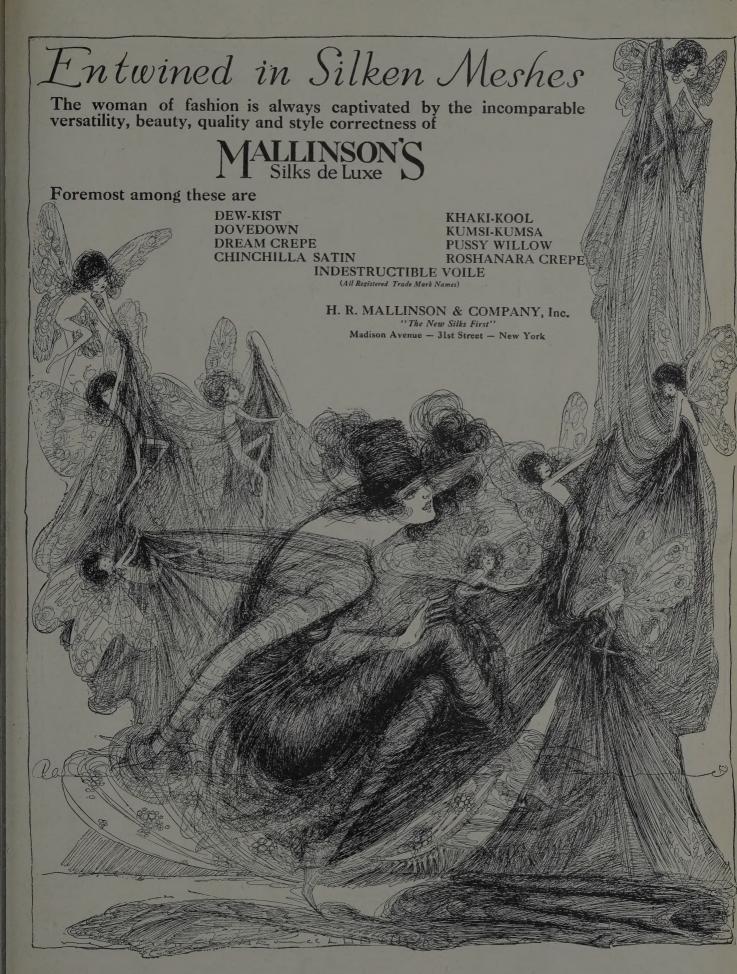
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TO OUR READERS

This issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE, which under normal conditions, should have reached subscribers and been on sale at the news-stands not later than October 25th, makes its appearance today, three weeks late.

It is not necessary for us to explain the reason of this delay. You are familiar with the unprecedented industrial situation that prevails all over the United States. The printers and the publishers—and we may add the public—are victims of conditions they are powerless to remedy or control.

But as far as the THEATRE MAGAZINE is concerned, the present pressmens' strike, which never had the endorsement of the union printers nor the official approval of the American Federation of Labor, has not succeeded in delaying us seriously. Thanks to other arrangements we have been able to make, the THEATRE MAGAZINE appears today, its pages more beautiful and attractive than ever.

This month the THEATRE MAGAZINE is presented in a new garb. Printed by the rotagravure process, almost the entire editorial section, including its usual exquisite pictures, is in beautiful sepia. If this innovation proves popular, as we think it will, it will remain a feature of this magazine—strike or no strike.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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THEATRE MAGAZINE IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY, SIX EAST THIRTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK. HENRY STERN, PRESIDENT; LOUIS MEYER, TREASURER; PAUL MEYER, SECRETARY. SINGLE COPIES ARE THIRTY-FIVE CENTS; FOUR DOLLARS BY THE YEAR. FOREIGN COUNTRIES, ADD ONE DOLLAR FOR MAIL; CANADA, ADD EIGHTY-FIVE CENTS



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